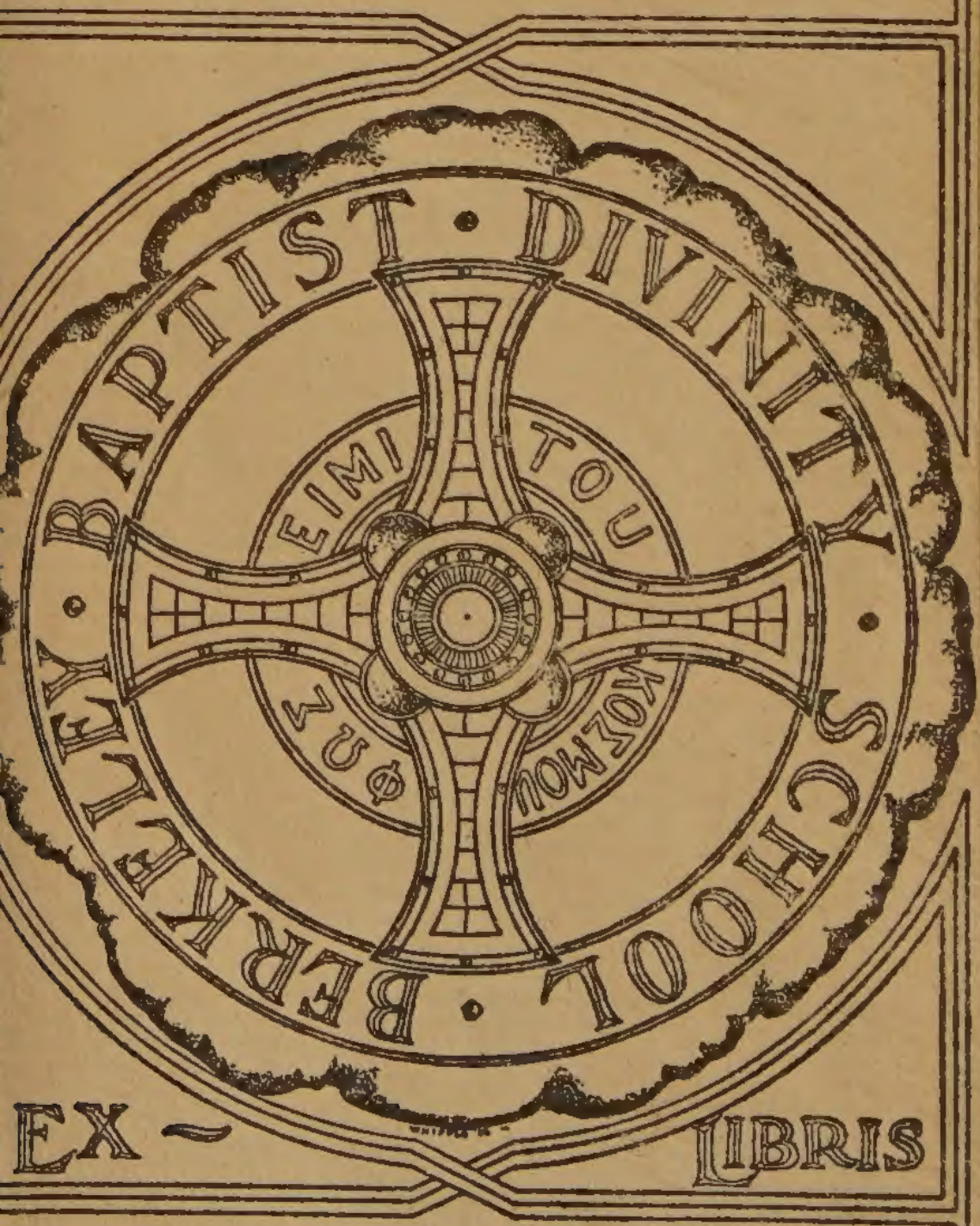
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CONFERENCE HYMNS.

A

NEW COLLECTION

OF

HYMNS,

DESIGNED ESPECIALLY FOR USE IN

Conference and Prayer Meetings,

AND FAMILY WORSHIP.

BY JOHN DOWLING, D.D.

Baptist

TWELFTH THOUSAND.

NEW YORK:
EDWARD H. FLETCHER.
141 NASSAU STREET.
1852.

Home"—and Newton's pious and expressive pieces—"The Beggar's Prayer," commencing, "*Encouraged by thy word, of mercy to the poor*"—The Dying Thief," commencing, "*Sovereign grace hath power alone*"—and, "The Lord will provide," commencing, "*Though troubles assail and dangers affright.*"

One great motive in the present work was to restore, for the use of the Editor's own congregation and of such others as desire them, the above, and a number of similar devotional and familiar "Sacred Songs," omitted in some recent Conference hymn books.

Another principal object with the compiler was to promote that *familiarity* and *ease* which he thinks should ever pervade these meetings. If formality and stateliness is out of place any where, it is certainly so in the Conference room and in the Social circle. To aid in accomplishing this desirable result, he has embodied in the present collection a considerable number of voluntary stanzas, adapted to the Conference and revival meeting, and intended to be sung in the intervals of prayer or exhortation, without the formality of announcement.

The first 108 hymns are arranged under the heading, "Hymns adapted to Revival Melodies." They are the text-hymns to various familiar tunes, most of which may be found in various well-known collections of revival tunes. The missionary and baptismal hymns have been added, to avoid the necessity of using the larger hymn books at the Monthly Concert and on Baptismal occasions.

A Conference hymn book, in the Editor's opinion, should be a book for the pocket, and the publisher has endeavored to combine—with what success the reader must judge—a neat exterior, and convenient pocket size, with a fair and readable type, that shall not be distressing to the eye. Such as it is, the book is devoutly commended to the blessing of that God who "loveth the gates of Zion," and who has commanded us to "teach and admonish one another in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs, singing with grace in our hearts to the Lord."

CONFERENCE

HYMNS.

1. *Longing for Heaven.* 7s & 6s.

1 O, when shall I see Jesus,
And reign with him above,
And from that flowing fountain
Drink everlasting love?
When shall I be delivered
From this vain world of sin,
And with my blessed Jesus
Drink endless pleasures in?

2 But now I am a soldier;
My Captain's gone before;
He's given me my orders,
And bid me not give o'er:
His faithful word has promised
A righteous crown to give;
And all his valiant soldiers
With him shall ever live.

3 Through grace, I am determined
To conquer, though I die,
And then away to Jesus
On wings of love I'll fly.
Farewell to sin and sorrow—
I bid you all adieu;
And O, my friends, prove faithful,
And on your way pursue.

4 And if you meet with troubles
And trials on your way,
Then cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray.
Gird on the heavenly armor
Of faith, and hope, and love;
Then, when the combat's ended,
He'll carry you above.

5 There we shall reign triumphant
Upon the blissful shore,
And shout with all the ransomed,
"Our trials now are o'er;
The wicked cease from troubling;
Our weary souls have rest;
We now shall live with Jesus
Eternal ages blest."

2. *Canaan.*

1 Together let us sweetly live,
I am bound for the land of Canaan,
In peace which none but Christ can give,
I am bound for the land of Canaan.
O Canaan bright Canaan,
I am bound for the land of Canaan;
O Canaan, it is my happy home,
I am bound for the land of Canaan.

2 There is my house, not made with hands,
I am bound for the land of Canaan,
And there my Saviour waiting stands,
I am bound for the land of Canaan.
O Canaan, &c.

3 This sinful world is not my rest,
I am bound for the land of Canaan,
I long to lean on Jesus' breast,
I am bound for the land of Canaan.
O Canaan, &c.

Alt. by J. Dowling.

3. *The Christian's first Love.* 6s & 9s.

1 O, how happy are they
Who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasures above!
Tongue can never express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love!

2 That sweet comfort was mine,
  When the Saviour divine,
I first found in the blood of the Lamb;
  When my heart it believed,
  What true joy I received,
What a heaven in Jesus's name!

3 'Twas a heaven below,
  My Redeemer to know;
And the angels could do nothing more
  Than to fall at his feet
  And the story repeat
And the lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus all the day long
  Was my joy and my song;
O that all his salvation might see
  He hath loved me, I cried;
  He hath suffered and died,
To redeem such a rebel as me.

5 On the wings of his love
  I was carried above
All my sin, and temptation, and pain;
  And I could not believe
  That I ever could grieve,
That I ever should wander again.

4. *The Saviour's Call.* 7s & 5s.

1 Rouse ye at the Saviour's call,
Sinners, rouse ye, one and all;
Wake, or soon your souls will fall—
Fall in deep despair.
Wo to him who turns away;
Jesus kindly calls to-day:
Come, O sinner, while you may,
Raise your soul in prayer.

2 Heard ye not the Saviour cry?
"Turn, O turn, why will you die?"
And in keenest agony,
Mourn too late your doom!
Haste, for time is rushing on!
Soon the fleeting hour is gone,
The lifted arrow flies anon,
To sink you in the tomb!

3 By the Saviour's bleeding love,
By the joys of heaven above,
Let these words your spirit move;
Quick to Jesus fly!
Come and save your souls from death
Haste! escape Jehovah's wrath;
Fly! for life's a fleeting breath,
Soon, O soon you'll die.

5. *The Poor Wayfaring Man.* L M.

Tune—Duane Street.

1 A poor, wayfaring man of grief
  Hath often crossed me on my way,
Who sued so humbly for relief,
  That I could never answer nay.
I had not power to ask his name,
Whither he went or whence he came;
Yet there was something in his eye
That won my love, I knew not why.

2 Once, when my scanty meal was spread,
  He entered, not a word he spake;
Just perishing for want of bread,
  I gave him all; he blessed it, brake,
And ate, but gave me part again:
Mine was an angel's portion then,
And while I fed with eager haste,
The crust was manna to my taste.

3 I spied him where a fountain burst
  Clear from the rock, his strength was gone,
The heedless water mocked his thirst,
  He heard it, saw it hurrying on.
I ran and raised the sufferer up,
Thrice from the stream he drained my cup
Dipped and returned it running o'er;
I drank, and never thirsted more.

4 Stripped, wounded, beaten nigh to death,
I found him by the highway side;
I roused his pulse, brought back his breath
Revived his spirit, and supplied
Wine, oil, refreshment; he was healed.
I had myself a wound concealed,
But from that hour forgot the smart—
And peace bound up my broken heart.

5 In prison I saw him next, condemned
To meet a traitor's doom at morn;
The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,
And honored him mid shame and scorn:
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He asked if I for him would die.
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,
But the free spirit cried, "I will!"

6 Then in a moment, to my view,
The stranger started from disguise;
The tokens in his hands I knew,
My Saviour stood before my eyes!
He spake, and my poor name he named—
"Of me thou hast not been ashamed;
These deeds shall thy memorial be:
Fear not thou didst it unto me."

Montgomery.

6. *Expostulation.* 8s & 7s.

1 Now the Saviour standeth pleading
At the sinner's bolted heart;
Now in heaven he's interceding,
Undertaking sinners' part.

CHORUS.

Sinner! can you hate this Saviour?
Will you thrust him from your arms?
Once he died for your behavior,
Now he calls you to his charms.

2 Sinner! hear your God and Saviour,
Hear his gracious voice to-day,
Turn from all your vain behavior,
O repent, return and pray!
Sinner! can you hate, &c.

3 Now he's waiting to be gracious,
Now he stands and looks on thee:
See what kindness, love and pity,
Shine around on you and me.
Sinner! can you hate, &c.

4 Come, for all things now are ready,
Yet there's room for many more:
O ye blind, ye lame and needy,
Come to wisdom's boundless store!
Sinner! can you hate, &c.

7. *The Glory of Christ.* 11s & 8s.

1 O THOU in whose presence my soul takes delight,
On whom in affliction I call;
My comfort by day, and my song in the night,
My hope, my salvation, my all.

2 Where dost thou at noon-tide resort with thy sheep,
To feed on the pastures of love?
Say, why in the valley of death should I weep,
Or alone in the wilderness rove?

3 O, why should I wander an alien from thee,
Or cry in the desert for bread?
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.

4 Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have ye seen
The star that on Israel shone?
Say, if in your tents my Beloved has been,
And where with his flock he has gone?

5 This is my Beloved; his form is divine;
His vestments shed odors around;
The locks on his head are as grapes on the vine,
When autumn with plenty is crowned.

6 His voice, as the sound of the dulcimer sweet,
Is heard through the shadow of death;
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet;
The air is perfumed with his breath.

7 His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow,
To water the gardens of grace;
From which their salvation the Gentiles shall know,
And bask in the smiles of his face.

8 He looks, and ten thousands of angels rejoice,
And myriads wait for his word;
He speaks, and eternity, filled with his voice,
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.

Swain.

8. *To-day the Saviour calls.* 6s & 4s.

1 To-day the Saviour calls,
Ye wanderers come;
O ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam?

2 To-day the Saviour calls,
For refuge fly:
The storm of justice falls,
Ruin is nigh.

3 To-day the Saviour calls,
O listen now!
Within these sacred walls,
To Jesus bow.

9. *Christ, Lord of all.* C. M.

Tune—Coronation.

1 All hail, the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small;
Hail Him, who saves you by his grace
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go—spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

6 O that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

Duncan.

10. *Loving Kindness.* L. M.

1 Awake, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving kindness, O how free!
His loving kindness, &c.

2 He saw me ruined by the fall,
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate,
His loving kindness, O how great! &c.

3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose;
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving kindness, O how strong! &c.

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving kindness, O how good! &c.

5 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
Yet though I have him oft forgot,
His loving kindness changes not. &c.

6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale—
Soon all my mortal powers must fail!
O may my last expiring breath
His loving kindness sing in death! &c.

Medley.

11. *Star of Bethlehem.* L. M. D.

1 When marshaled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks.
From every host, from every gem—
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem!

2 Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.
Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death struck, I ceased the tide to stem,
When suddenly a Star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem!

3 It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark foreboding cease;
And thro' the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.
Now safely moored—my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The Star, the Star of Bethlehem!

H. K. White.

12. *Pilgrim's Farewell.* P. M.

1 Farewell, dear friends, I must be gone,
I have no home or stay with you;
I'll take my staff and travel on,
Till I a better world do view.
I'll march to Canaan's land.
I'll land on Canaan's shore,
Where pleasures never end,
Where troubles come no more.

2 Farewell, my friends, time rolls along,
Nor waits for mortals' care or bliss;
I leave you here and travel on,
Till I arrive where Jesus is.
I'll march, &c.

3 Farewell, my brethren in the Lord,
To you I'm bound in cords of love;
Yet we believe his gracious word,
That soon we all shall meet above.
I'll march, &c.

4 Farewell, ye blooming sons of God,
Sore conflicts yet await for you;
Yet dauntless keep the heavenly road,
Till Canaan's happy land you view.
I'll march, &c.

5 Farewell, poor careless sinners, too,
It grieves my heart to leave you here,
Eternal vengeance waits for you;
O turn, and find salvation near.
I'll march, &c.

13 *Arise my soul, arise.* H. M.

Tune—Lenox.

1 Arise, my soul, arise!
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding sacrifice
In my behalf appears:
Before the throne my surety stands.
And lifts for me his bleeding hands.

2 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly speak for me;
Forgive him, O forgive, they cry,
Nor let that ransomed sinner die!

3 The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed One:
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

4 My God is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear:
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father cry.

14. *Child, your Father calls, Come home.* 7s.

1 Brethren, while we sojourn here,
Fight we must, but should not fear;
Foes we have, but we've a friend,
One who loves us to the end;
Forward then with courage go,
Long we shall not dwell below;
Soon the joyful news will come,
Child, your Father calls—*Come home.*

2 In the world a thousand snares
Lay to take us unawares;
Satan with malicious art,
Watches each unguarded heart;
But from Satan's malice free,
Saints shall soon victorious be;
Soon the joyful news will come,
Child, your Father calls—*Come home.*

3 But of all the foes we meet,
None so apt to turn our feet,
None betray us into sin,
Like the foes we have within;
Yet let nothing spoil your peace,
Christ will also conquer these;
Then the joyful news will come,
Child, your Father calls—*Come home.*

15. *The Pilgrim Stranger.* P. M.

Question.

1 Whither goest thou, pilgrim stranger,
Wandering through this gloomy vale?
Know'st thou it is full of danger,
And will not thy courage fail?

Answer.

No! I'm bound for the kingdom,
Will you go to glory with me?
Hallelujah! praise ye the Lord.

2 Pilgrim thou dost justly call me,
Traveling through this lonely road,
But no ill shall e'er befall me,
While I'm blest with such a GUIDE,
O, I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.

3 Guide unseen; but still believe me,
Jesus does my steps attend;
He'll in every strait relieve me,
He'll be with me to the end.
For I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.

4 Jordan's stream has nothing frightful,
Though its waves look dark and drear;
Death itself will be delightful,
Jesus will be with me there.
For I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.

16. *The Bower of Prayer.*

1 To leave my dear friends, and with neighbors to part,
And go from my home, afflicts not my heart,
Like the thought of absenting myself for a day
From that blest retreat where I've chosen to pray.

2 Dear bower, where the pine and the poplar have spread,
And wove with their branches a roof o'er my head,
How oft have I knelt on the evergreen there,
And poured out my soul to my Saviour in prayer.

3 The early, shrill notes of the loved nightingale
That dwelt in my bower, I marked as my bell,
To call me to duty—while birds in the air
Sang anthems of praise as I went to prayer.

4 How sweet were the breezes perfumed by the pine,
The ivy, the balsam, the wild eglantine!
But sweeter, O sweeter, superlative were
The joys that I tasted in answer to prayer.

5 For Jesus, my Saviour, oft deigned there to meet
And bless with his presence my lowly retreat!
Oft filled me with rapture and blessedness there,
And gave me a foretaste of heaven in prayer.

6 Dear bower, I must leave you, and bid you adieu,
And pay my devotions in parts that are new;
Well knowing my Saviour resides every where,
And can in all places give answer to prayer.

17. *Heavenly Union.*

1 Attend ye saints, and hear me tell
The wonders of Immanuel,
Who saved me from a burning hell,
And brought my soul with him to dwell,
And feel this blessed union.

2 When Jesus saw me from on high,
Beheld my soul in ruin lie,
He looked on me with pitying eye,
And said to me as he passed by,
"With God you have no union."

3 But when I hated all my sin,
My dear Redeemer took me in,
And with his blood he washed me clean;
And oh! what seasons I have seen,
Since first I felt this union.

4 I praised the Lord both night and day,
And went from house to house to pray,
And if I met one on the way,
I found I'd something still to say
About this heavenly union.

18. *The Sinner must be born again.* 8s & 6s.

1 Awaked by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in sin and thrall I found,
Exposed to endless wo;
Eternal truth did loud proclaim,
The sinner must be born again,
Or down to ruin go.

2 Surprised indeed, I could not tell
Which way to shun the gates of hell,
To which I then drew near!
I strove alas! but all in vain;
The sinner must be born again,
Still sounded in my ear.

3 I to the law then ran for help,
But still I felt the weight of guilt,
And no relief I found;
While sin my burdened soul did pain,
The sinner must be born again,
Did loud as thunder sound.

4 God's justice then I did behold,
And guilt lay heavy on my soul,
It was a dreadful load;
This solemn truth did still remain,
The sinner must be born again
Or feel the wrath of God.

5 I heard some tell how Christ did give
His life to let the sinner live;
But him I could not see;
I read my Bible—it was plain,
The sinner must be born again,
Or dwell in misery.

6 But as my soul with dying breath,
Lay gasping near eternal death,
Christ Jesus I did see;
Free grace and pardon he proclaimed,
I trust I then was born again,
In gospel liberty.

7 Not angels in the world above,
Nor saints could glow with greater love,
Than what my soul enjoyed;
My soul did mount on eagles' wing,
And glory, glory, I did sing,
To Jesus, my dear Lord.

8 Now with the saints I'll join to tell
How Jesus saved my soul from hell,
To sing redeeming love:
Ascribe the glory to the Lamb,
The sinner now is born again,
To dwell with Christ above.

Occum, the Indian Preacher.

19. *Success of the Gospel.* 7s & 6s

1 The morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears:
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour:
Each cry, to heaven going,
Abundant answers brings,
And heavenly gales are blowing,
With peace upon their wings.

3 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing—
A nation in a day.

4 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

S. F. Smith.

20. *The Jubilee.* C. M

1 What heavenly music do I hear,
Salvation sounding free!
Ye souls in bondage lend an ear,
This is the Jubilee.

2 Good news, good news to Adam's race,
Let Christians all agree
To sing redeeming love and grace,
This is the Jubilee.

3 The Gospel sounds a sweet release
To all in misery,
And bids them welcome home to peace
This is the Jubilee.

4 Jesus is on the mercy seat,
Before him bend the knee;
Let heaven and earth his praise repeat,
This is the Jubilee.

21. *The Saint's Sweet Home.*

1 'Mid scenes of confusion and creature complaints,
How sweet to my soul is communion with saints!
To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home!
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
Receive me, dear Saviour, in glory, my home.

2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace!
And thrice precious Jesus, whose love cannot cease!
Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold thee in glory, at home.
Home, home, &c.

3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
Which hinders my joy and communion with thee:
Though now my temptations like billows may foam,
All, all will be peace, when I'm with thee at home.
Home, home, &c.

4 I long dearest Lord, in thy beauties to shine,
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine,
And in thy dear image to rise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise thee at home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
Receive me, dear Saviour, in glory, my home.

22. *Home, Sweet Home.* 11s.

1 An alien from God, and a stranger to grace,
I wandered through earth, its gay pleasures to trace,
In the pathway of sin I continued to roam,
Unmindful, alas! that it led me from home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
O Saviour! direct me to heaven, my home.

2 The pleasures of earth I have seen fade away
They bloom for a season, but soon they decay
But pleasures more lasting in Jesus are given,
Salvation on earth, and a mansion in heaven.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
The saints in those mansions are ever at home.

3 Allure me no longer, ye false-glowing charms!
The Saviour invites me, I'll go to his arms;
At the banquet of mercy I hear there is room,
O there may I feast with his children at home!
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
O Jesus, conduct me to heaven, my home.

4 The days of my exile are passing away,
The time is approaching when Jesus will say,
Well done, faithful servant, sit down on my throne,
And dwell in my presence for ever at home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
O there I shall rest with my Saviour, at home.

23. *There is one Place like Home.*

1 Yes, there's *one* place like home—'tis at God's holy shrine,
Where high thoughts are kindled, and feelings divine;
How the *Spirit's* sweet breathings calm peace can impart,
In the home of devotion—the home of the *heart.*
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
The home of devotion, the home of the heart.

2 As weary and sad, through this lone "vale of tears"
Our steps we pursue, filled with doubts and with fears;
On *Jesus'* kind breast we repose all our care,
In this home of devotion—this sweet home of prayer.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
The home of devotion, the sweet home of prayer.

3 As the Sabbath's calm hours we delightfully spend,
In holding high converse with Jesus, our Friend;
Though often our thoughts to our absent friends roam,
We feel that God's house is the Christian's own home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
We feel that God's house is the Christian's own home.

4 And trusting in Jesus, almighty to save,
We rob death of its sting—of its victory the grave:
All honor, and glory, and praise shall be given,
While we swell the full song in that *better home*—HEAVEN.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
O when shall I dwell in my better home, heaven.

24. *The heavenly Canaan.* C. M.

1 There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Eternal day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-fading flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green:
So to the Jews fair Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 But timcrous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, trembling, on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 O, could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes;—

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

Watts.

25. *Will you go? Will you go?*

1 We're traveling home to heaven above,
Will you go? Will you go?
To sing the Saviour's dying love,
Will you go? Will you go?
Millions have reached this blest abode,
And millions now are on the road,
Anointed kings and priests to God.
Will you go? Will you go?

2 We haste to see the bleeding Lamb,
Will you go? Will you go?
In rapturous strains to praise his name,
Will you go? Will you go?
The crown of life we there shall wear,
The conqueror's palms our hands shall bear.
And all the joys of heaven we'll share!
Will you go? Will you go?

3 We're going to join the heavenly choir,
Will you go? Will you go?
To raise our voice and tune the lyre,
Will you go? Will you go?
There saints and angels gladly sing
Hosanna to their God and King,
And make the heavenly arches ring,
Will you go? Will you go?

4 Ye weary, heavy laden, come,
Will you go? Will you go?
In the blest house there still is room,
Will you go? Will you go?
The Lord is willing to receive,
If thou wilt on him now believe,
He will thy troubled soul relieve.
Will you go? Will you go?

26. *The Gospel Trumpet.*

1 Hark! how the gospel trumpet sounds,
Through all the world the echo bounds,
And Jesus, by redeeming blood,
Is bringing sinners back to God,
And guides them safely by his word,
To endless day.

2 Fight on, ye conquering souls, fight on,
And when the conquest you have won,
Then palms of victory you shall bear,
And in his kingdom have a share,
And crowns of glory ever wear,
In endless day.

3 There we shall in full chorus join,
With saints and angels all combine,
To sing of his redeeming love,
When rolling years shall cease to move,
And this shall be the theme above,
In endless day.

27. *Longing to be with Christ.*

1 I thirst, thou wounded Lamb of God,
I long to wear the crown,
Washed and made white in Jesus' blood,
I long to wear the crown.
My heart says praise the Lord,
I long to wear the crown.

2 When, dearest Lord, when shall it be,
I long to wear the crown,
That I shall rise to be with thee?
I long to wear the crown, &c.

3 Till then, thee only would I find,
I long to wear the crown,
And cast the world and sin behind,
I long to wear the crown, &c.

4 Take my poor heart, and let it be
I long to wear the crown,
For ever closed to all but thee.
I long to wear the crown, &c.

5 Till I shall mount and soar away,
I long to wear the crown,
To sing thy praise in endless day,
I long to wear the crown, &c.

28. *My Father's House.* C. M. D.

Air—Marseilles Hymn.

1 There is a place of waveless rest,
Far, far beyond the skies,
Where beauty smiles eternally,
And pleasure never dies;
My Father's house, my heavenly home!
Where 'many mansions' stand,
Prepared by hands divine, for all
Who seek 'the better land.'

2 When tossed upon the waves of life,
With fear on every side—
When fiercely howls the gathering storm,
And foams the angry tide;
Beyond the storm, beyond the gloom,
Breaks forth the light of morn,
Bright beaming from my Father's house,
To cheer the soul forlorn.

3 In that pure home of tearless joy,
Earth's parted friends shall meet,
With smiles of love that never fade,
And blessedness complete;
There, there adieus are sounds unknown,
Death frowns not on that scene,
But life and glorious beauty shine,
Untroubled and serene.

Turnbull.

29. *When shall we meet again.* 6s & 5s.

1 When shall we meet again?
Meet ne'er to sever?
When will peace wreathe her chain
Round us for ever?
Our hearts will ne'er repose
Safe from each blast that blows,
In this dark vale of woes—
Never—no, never!

2 When shall love freely flow
Pure as life's river?
When shall sweet friendship glow
Changeless for ever?
Where joys celestial thrill,
Where bliss each heart shall fill,
And fears of parting chill
Never—no, never!

3 Up to that world of light
Take us, dear Saviour!
May we all there unite,
Happy for ever!
Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel
Never—no, never!

4 Soon shall we meet again—
Meet ne'er to sever;
Soon will peace wreathe her chain
Round us for ever.
Our hearts will then repose
Secure from worldly woes;
Our songs of praise shall close
Never—no, never!

30. *Evening Hymn.* S. M.

1 The day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear;
O may we all remember well,
The night of death draws near.

2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death will soon disrobe us all,
Of what we here possess.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

4 And if we early rise,
And view the unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

31. *Christ the great Physician.* · 7s & 6s.

1 How lost was my condition,
Till Jesus made me whole!
There is but one physician
Can cure a sin-sick soul.
Next door to death he found me,
And snatched me from the grave,
To tell to all around me
His wondrous power to save.

2 The worst of all diseases
Is light, compared with sin;
On every part it seizes,
But rages most within;
No medicine can subdue it,
Which nature's garden yields—
The balsam that can do it,
Grows not in nature's fields.

3 From men great skill professing,
I thought a cure to gain;
But this proved more distressing,
And added to my pain;
Some said that nothing ailed me,
Some gave me up for lost;
Thus every refuge failed me,
And all my hopes were crossed.

4 At length, this great Physician—
How matchless is his grace!—
Accepted my petition,
And undertook my case;
First gave me sight to view him—
For sin my eyes had sealed—
Then bade me look unto him:
I looked, and I was healed.

5 A dying, risen Jesus,
Seen by the eye of faith,
At once from danger frees us,
And saves the soul from death.
Come, then, to this Physician;
His help he'll freely give;
He makes no hard condition;
'Tis only, Look and live. *Newton.*

32. *Come, ye Disconsolate.*

1 Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,
Come, at the mercy-seat fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;
Earth has no sorrows that heaven cannot heal.

2 Joy of the comfortless, light of the straying,
Hope, when all others die, fadeless and pure—
Here speaks the Comforter, in mercy saying,
Earth has no sorrows that heaven cannot cure.

3 Here see the tree of life—see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Come to the mercy-seat—come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrows but heaven can remove. *Moore.*

33. *Union Hymn.* 8s.

1 From whence doth this union arise?
That hatred is conquered by love?
That fastens our souls in such ties
As nature and time can't remove?

2 It cannot in Eden be found,
Nor yet in a paradise lost;
It grows on Immanuel's ground,
And Jesus' rich blood it did cost.

3 My friends are so dear unto me,
Our hearts are united in love:
Where Jesus is gone we shall be,
In yonder blest mansions above.

4 Why, then, so unwilling to part,
Since we shall ere long meet again?
Engraved on Immanuel's heart,
At distance we cannot remain.

5 Though called to resign up our breath,
And quit these frail bodies of clay,
When freed from corruption and death,
We'll unite in the regions of day.

6 With Jesus we ever shall reign,
And all his bright glories shall see:
There sing Hallelujah, Amen!
Amen, even so let it be.

Baldwin.

34. *Glorying in the Cross.* 8s & 7s.

1 When the waves of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
Turn to the Lord and seek redemption,
Sound the praise of his dear name;
Glory, honor, and salvation,
Christ the Lord is come to reign.

2 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.
Turn to the Lord, &c.

3 Grief and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.
Turn to the Lord, &c.

4 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.
Turn to the Lord, &c.

35. *Heaven.* 8s & 6s.

Tune—Woodland.

1 There is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a tear for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast;
'Tis found alone in heaven.

2 There is a home for weary souls,
By sins and sorrows driven;
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heaven.

3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
The heart with anguish riven;
It views the tempest passing by,
Sees evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom;
Beyond the dark and narrow tomb,
Appears the dawn of heaven.

36. *Sweet Land of rest.* C. M.

1 Sweet land of rest! for thee I sigh:
When will the moment come,
When I shall lay my armor by,
And dwell with Christ at home.

2 No tranquil joys on earth I know—
No peaceful sheltering dome,
This world's a wilderness of wo—
This world is not my home.

3 To Jesus Christ I sought for rest;
He bade me cease to roam,
But fly for succor to his breast,
And he'd conduct me home.

4 When by affliction sharply tried,
I viewed the gaping tomb;
Although I dread death's chilling tide,
Yet still I sighed for home.

5 Weary of wandering round and round
This vale of sin and gloom,
I long to leave the unhallowed ground,
And dwell with Christ at home.

37. *The Lord in his Garden.* P. M.

1 The Lord into his garden comes;
The spices yield a rich perfume,
The lilies grow and thrive;
Refreshing showers of grace divine,
From Jesus flow to every vine,
Which make the dead revive.

2 Come, brethren, ye who love the Lord,
And taste the sweetness of his word,
In Jesus' ways go on;
Our troubles and our trials here
Will only make us richer there,
When we arrive at home.

3 There we shall reign and shout and sing,
And make the heavenly regions ring,
When all the saints get home;
Come on, come on, my brethren dear,
Soon shall we meet together there,
For Jesus bids us come.

4 Amen, Amen, my soul replies,
I'm bound to meet you in the skies,
And claim my mansion there:
Now here's my heart, and here's my hand,
To meet you in that heavenly land,
Where we shall part no more.

5 There on that peaceful, happy shore,
We'll sing and shout, our sufferings o'er,
In sweet redeeming love:
We'll shout and praise our conquering King,
Who died himself that he might bring
Our souls to reign above.



38. *The Revival.*

1 Sinners are bending
Low at the throne,
Jesus is sending
His Spirit down.
Sunlight is beaming
Soft from the sky;
Bright are the visions
That gleam on the eye.

2 Angels are watching,
Over the place,
Glad souls are singing
Wonders of grace;
Mercy is shedding
Bliss from on high,
Freed hearts are soaring
Away to the sky!

Turnbull.

39. *Jerusalem.* C. M.

1 Jerusalem, my happy home,
  O how I long for thee!
When will my sorrows have an end,
  Thy joys when shall I see?

2 Thy walls are all of precious stone,
  Most glorious to behold;
Thy gates are richly set with pearl,
  Thy streets are paved with gold.

3 If heaven be thus most glorious, Lord,
  Why should I go from thence?
What folly this, that I should dread,
  To die and go from hence.

4 Millions of years around may run.
  Our song shall still go on,
To praise the Father and the Son,
  And Spirit, Three in One.

5 When we've been there ten thousand years
  Bright shining like the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise
  Than when we first begun.

40. *The Birth of Christ.* P. M.

1 Hail! thou blest morn, when the great Mediator
Down from the regions of glory descends!
Shepherds! go worship the babe in the manger:
Lo! for his guide the bright angels attend.
Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!
Shine on our darkness, and lend us thine aid:
Star in the east, the horizon adorning!
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

2 Cold on his cradle the dewdrops are shining;
Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall:
Angels adore him in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all!
Brightest and best, &c.

3 Say, shall we yield him in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine;
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean;
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?
Brightest and best, &c.

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gold would his favor secure:
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor
Brightest and best, &c.

Heber.

41. ✕ *Longing for Christ.* 8s.

1 How tedious and tasteless the hours,
When Jesus no longer I see;
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers,
Have lost all their sweetness to me:
The midsummer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay;
But when I am happy in him,
December's as pleasant as May.

2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice:
I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I—
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resigned;
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind,
While blessed with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song.
Say, why do I languish and pine?
And why are my winters so long?
O, drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore,
Or take me unto thee on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

Newton.

42. *The Tempted Soul longing for Rest.*

1 When sorrows encompass me round,
And Satan's temptations I see,
Desponding I cry, can a *Christian* be found,
With temptation surrounded, like me.

2 Few moments of peace I enjoy,
Too often succeeded by pain;
If an hour of communion with God I enjoy,
How soon do I wander again!

3 O when will my wanderings be o'er,
My sin and my suffering cease?
O when to the bosom of Jesus conveyed,
Shall I rest in the mansions of peace.

4 O when with the fulness of love,
Shall I join with the glorified throng,
In praising the work of redemption above,
And in singing the seraphim's song?

Alt. by J. Dowling.

43. *Rejoicing in Christ crucified.*

1 Vain, delusive world, adieu,
With all of creature good;
Only Jesus I pursue,
Who bought me with his blood!
All thy pleasures I forego,
I trample on thy wealth and pride:
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

2 Other knowledge I disdain,
'Tis all but vanity;
Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,
He tasted death for me!
Me to save from endless wo,
The sin atoning victim died!
Only Jesus, &c.

3 Him to know is life and peace,
And pleasure without end;
This is all my happiness,
On Jesus to depend;
Daily in his grace to grow,
And ever in his faith abide!
Only Jesus, &c.

4 O that I could all invite,
This saving truth to prove;
Show the length, the breadth, and height,
And depth of Jesus' love?
Fain I would to sinners show
The precious blood by faith applied!
Only Jesus, &c.

44. *We all shall meet in Heaven.* C. M.

Air—Auld Lang Syne.

1 Hail! sweetest dearest tie that binds
Our glowing hearts in one;
Hail! sacred hope that tunes our minds
To harmony divine.
It is the hope, the blissful hope,
Which Jesus' grace has given;
The hope when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven,
We all shall meet in heaven at last,
We all shall meet in heaven,
The hope when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven.

2 What, though the northern wintry blast
Shall howl around thy cot!
What, though beneath an eastern sun
Be cast our distant lot!
Yet still we share the blissful hope,
Which Jesus' grace has given, &c.

3 From Burmah's shores, from Afric's strand,
From India's burning plain,
From Europe, from Columbia's land,
We hope to meet again.
It is the hope, the blissful hope,
Which Jesus' grace has given, &c.

4 No lingering look, no parting sigh,
Our future meeting knows;
There friendship beams from every eye,
And home immortal grows.
O sacred hope! O blissful hope!
Which Jesus' grace has given, &c.

A. Sutton.

45. *The Title to Heaven.* C. M.

1 When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

O that will be joyful,
Joyful, joyful!
O that will be joyful,
When we meet to part no more.

When we meet to part no more,
On Canaan's happy shore,
'Tis there we'll meet at Jesus' feet.
And meet to part no more.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
O that will be joyful, &c.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall!
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.
O that will be joyful, &c.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Arcoss my peaceful breast.
O that will be joyful, &c. *Watts.*

46. *Church's Welcome to the young Convert.*

Air—Daughter of Zion; or music set to the words by Oliver Shaw.

1 Children of Zion! what harp-notes are stealing
So soft o'er our senses, so soothingly sweet?
'Tis the music of angels, their raptures revealing,
That you have been brought to the Holy One's feet.

CHORUS.

Children of Zion! we join in their welcome,
'Tis sweet to lie low at that blessed retreat.

2 Children of Zion! no longer in sadness
Refrain from the feast that your Saviour hath given,
Come, taste of the cup of salvation with gladness,
And think of the banquet still sweeter in heaven.

CHORUS.

Children of Zion! our hearts bid you welcome
To the Church of the ransomed, the kingdom of heaven.

3 Children of Zion! we joyfully hail you
Who've entered the sheep-fold through Jesus the door,
While pilgrims on earth, though the foe may assail you,
Press forward, and soon will the conflict be o'er.

CHORUS.

Children of Zion! O! welcome, thrice welcome!
Till we meet where the foe shall oppress you no more.

J. Dowling.

47. *There, there is Rest.*

Air—Long, long ago.

1 Here o'er the earth as a stranger I roam—
Here is no rest—is no rest,
Here, as a pilgrim, I wander alone,
Yet I am blessed—I am blessed;
For I look forward to that glorious day
When sin and sorrow will vanish away:
My heart doth leap while I hear Jesus say,
There, THERE is rest—There is rest.

2 Here are temptations and trials severe—
Here is no rest—is no rest;
Here I must part with the friends I hold dear,
Yet I am blessed—I am blessed.
Sweet is the promise I read in His Word:
Blessed are they who have died in the Lord—
They have been called to receive their reward;
There, THERE is rest—There is rest.

3 This world of care is a wilderness state—
Here is no rest—is no rest;
Here I must bear from the world all its hate,
Yet I am blessed—I am blessed.
Soon shall I be from the wicked released;
Soon shall the weary eternally rest;
Soon shall I lean on Immanuel's breast;
There, THERE is rest—There is rest.

Alt. by J. Dowling

48. *I long to go to Heaven.*

1 O come, my loving neighbors, will you go to glory with me?
I long to go to heaven, to my long-sought rest.
O come, poor mourning sinners, will you go to glory with me?
I long to go to heaven, to my long-sought rest.
For the judgment day is rolling round,
Make ready, let us go!

2 O come, my loving brethren, will you go to glory with me?
I long to go to heaven, to my long-sought rest.
O come, my loving sisters, will you go to glory with me?
I long to go to heaven, to my long-sought rest.
For the judgment day, &c.

3 Methinks I hear young converts say, they'll go to glory with me;
I long to go to heaven, to my long-sought rest.
Methinks I hear old pilgrims say, they'll go to glory with me;
I long to go to heaven, to my long-sought rest.
For the judgment day, &c.

4 King Jesus is my Captain; will you go to glory with me?
I long to go to heaven to my long-sought rest.
I'm a stranger here and pilgrim; will you go to glory with me?
I long to go to heaven, to my long-sought rest.
For the judgment day, &c.

5 By faith I see the *City;* will you go to glory with me?
I long to go to heaven, to my long-sought rest.
Methinks I hear them singing; will you go to glory with me?
O may we all go with them to our long-sought rest!
For the judgment day, &c.

49. *The Dying Christian. All is well.*

1 What's this that steals, that steals away my breath?
Is it death? Is it death?
That soon will quench, will quench this vital flame?
Is it death? Is it death?
If this be death, I soon shall be
From all my pains and sorrows free;
I shall the King of glory see!
All is well! All is well!

2 Weep not, my friends, my friends, weep not for me;
All is well! All is well!
For I am pardoned, pardoned, I am free;
All is well! All is well!
There's not a cloud that doth arise
To hide my Jesus from mine eyes,
I soon shall mount the upper skies!
All is well! All is well!

3 Tune, tune your harps, your harps, ye saints
in glory;
All is well! All is well!
I will rehearse, rehearse the pleasing story;
All is well! All is well!
Bright angels are from glory come!
They're round my bed, they're in my room!
They wait to waft my spirit home—
All is well! All is well!

4 Hark, hark, my Lord, my Lord and Master
calls me;
All is well! All is well!
I soon shall see, shall see his face in glory!
All is well! All is well!
Farewell, my friends, adieu, adieu,
I can no longer stay with you!
My glittering crown appears in view!
All is well! All is well!

5 Hail, hail, all hail, all hail, ye blood-washed
throng,
Saved by grace, saved by grace!
I soon shall join, shall join your rapturous
song,
Saved by grace, saved by grace!
All, all is peace and joy divine!
And heaven and glory now are mine!
O hallelujah to the Lamb!
All is well! All is well!

50. *Wonder.*

1 When converts first begin to sing,
Wonder, wonder, wonder.
Their happy souls are on the wing,
Glory, Hallelujah.
Their theme is all redeeming love,
Glory, Hallelujah.
Fain would they be with Christ above,
Sing, Glory, Hallelujah.

2 With admiration they behold,
Wonder, &c.
The love of Christ that can't be told,
Glory, &c.
They long for Canaan's peaceful shore, &c.
Where they shall doubt and sin no more, &c.

3 Well! the good shepherd waiting stands.
To guard and guide his tender lambs:
Jesus! we give them up to thee,
Keep them from sin and error free.

4 In all their weakness, be thou near,
Their steps to guide, their hearts to cheer;
Then every snare and danger past,
Take them to dwell with thee at last.

Alt. by J. Dowling.

51. *Come, Good Shepherd.* 8s & 7s.

1 Let thy kingdom, blessed Saviour,
  Come, and bid our jarrings cease;
Come, O come, and reign for ever,
  God of love and Prince of peace!
Visit now thy precious Zion,
  See thy people mourn and weep;
Day and night thy lambs are crying,
  Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

2 Lord, in us there is no merit,
  We've been sinners from our youth;
Guide us, Lord, by thy good Spirit,
  That shall teach us all the truth.
On the gospel word we'll venture,
  Till in death's cold arms we sleep;
Love's our bond, and Christ our centre,
  Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

3 Christ alone our souls shall rest on,
  Taught by him we own his name;
Sweetest of all names is Jesus,
  How it doth our hearts inflame!
Glory! Glory! give him glory,
  Strong is he his flock to keep;
He will clear our way before us,
  Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

52. *Christ the Hiding-Place.*

1 Hail, sovereign love, that first began
The scheme to rescue fallen man!
Hail, matchless, free, eternal grace,
That gave my soul a hiding-place!

2 Against the God that built the sky,
I fought, with hands uplifted high;
Despised the mansions of his grace,
Too proud to seek a hiding-place.

3 But lo! the eternal council ran,
Almighty love, arrest the man!
I felt the arrows of distress,
And found I had no hiding-place.

4 Vindictive justice stood in view,
To Sinai's fiery mount I flew;
But justice cried, with frowning face,
This mountain is no hiding-place.

5 When lo! a heavenly voice I heard,
And mercy's angel soon appeared;
He led me on a pleasing pace,
To Jesus Christ, my hiding-place.

6 A few more rolling suns, at most,
Shall land me on fair Canaan's coast,
Where I shall sing the song of grace,
And see my glorious hiding-place.

Bower.

53. *Heaven begun on Earth.* C. M. D.

1 How happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven;
This earth, he cries, is not my place—
I seek my home in heaven!
A country far from mortal sight,
Yet, O! by faith I see
The land of rest, the saint's delight,
The heaven prepared for me.

2 O what a blessed hope is ours,
While here on earth we stay!
We more than taste the heavenly powers
And antedate the day:
We feel that heaven is drawing near,
Our life in Christ concealed;
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessel's filled.

He soon will more of heaven bestow,
And let the vessels break;
Then shall our ransomed spirits go,
And praise the God we seek.
In rapturous awe on him we'll gaze,
And all his glories see;
And shout and wonder at his grace,
Through all eternity.

54. *O, there will be Mourning.*

1 O, there will be mourning,
Mourning, mourning, mourning,
O, there will be mourning
At the judgment-seat of Christ.
Parents and children there will part,
Parents and children there will part,
Parents and children there will part,
Will part to meet no more.

2 O, there will be mourning, &c.
Wives and husbands there will part, &c.

3 O, there will be mourning, &c.
Brothers and sisters there will part, &c.

4 O, there will be mourning, &c.
Pastors and people there will part, &c.

5 O, there will be glory,
Glory, glory, glory,
O there will be glory
At the judgment-seat of Christ.
Saints and angels there will meet,
Saints and angels there will meet,
Saints and angels there will meet,
Will meet to part no more.

55. *God the Refuge of his People.* L. M.

1 God is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.

2 Loud may the troubled ocean roar:
In sacred peace our souls abide,
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

3 There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God;
Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.

4 That sacred stream, his holy word,
Supports our faith, our fear controls;
Sweet peace the promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls

5 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundation move,
Built on his truth, and armed with power.

Watts.

56. *The Happy Land.* C. M

1 On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

2 O, the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight!—
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.

3 All o'er those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Sun for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.

4 No chilling winds, nor poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

5 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be for ever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

6 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away. *Stennett.*

57. *The Happy Land.*

Adapted to a Hindoostan air

1 There is a happy land,
  Far, far away;
Where saints in glory stand,
  Bright, bright as day.
O how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour King,
Loud let his praises ring,
  Praise, praise for aye.

2 Come to that happy land,
  Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand,
  Why still delay?
O, we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free!
Lord, we shall live with thee,
  Blest, blest for aye.

3 Bright in that happy land,
  Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
  Love cannot die.
O, then, to glory run;
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And bright, above the sun,
  We reign for aye.

58. *The successful resolve.* **C. M.**

1 Come, trembling sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppress,
And make this last resolve:—

2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose:

3 Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
Without his sovereign grace:

4 I'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives;
Perhaps he may command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives.

5 Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

6 I can but perish if I go,
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must for ever die.

7 But if I die with mercy sought,
When I the King have tried,
This were to die (delightful thought!)
As sinner never died.

E. Jones.

59. *Holy Boldness.* L. M.

1 Sprinkled with reconciling blood,
I dare approach thy throne, O God!
Thy face no frowning aspect wears,
Thy hand no vengeful thunder bears!

2 The encircling rainbow, peaceful sign!
Doth with refulgent brightness shine;
And while my faith beholds it near,
I bid farewell to every fear.

3 Let me my grateful homage pay;
With courage sing, with fervor pray;
And, though myself a wretch undone,
Hope for acceptance through thy Son—

4 Thy Son, who on the accursed tree
Expired to set the vilest free;
On this I build my only claim,
And all I ask is in his name.

Beddome

60. *The Beggar's Prayer.* 6s & 8s.

1 Encouraged by thy word,
Of promise to the poor,
Behold a beggar, Lord,
Waits at thy mercy door:
No hand, no heart, dear Lord, but thine,
Can help or pity wants like mine.

2 The beggar's usual plea,
Relief from men to gain,
If offered unto thee,
I know thou wouldst disdain;
But those which move thy gracious ear,
Are such as men would scorn to hear.

3 I have no right to say,
That though I now am poor,
Yet once there was a day
When I possessed more;
Thou know'st that, from my very birth,
I've been the poorest wretch on earth.

4 Nor dare I to profess,
As beggars often do,
Though great is my distress,
My faults have been but few:
If thou shouldst leave my soul to starve,
It would be what I well deserve.

5 Nor dare I to pretend
I never begged before,
And if thou now befriend,
I'll trouble thee no more;
Thou often hast relieved my pain,
And often I must come again.

6 Though crumbs are much too good
For such a wretch as I,
No less than children's food
My soul can satisfy.
O do not frown and bid me go;
I must have all thou canst bestow.

7 Nor can I willing be
Thy bounty to conceal
From others, who, like me,
Their wants and hunger feel;
I'll tell them of thy mercy's store,
And try to send a thousand more.

8 Thy ways, thou Only Wise,
Our thoughts and ways transcend,
Far as the arched skies
Above this earth extend.
Such pleas as mine, men would not hear,
But God receives a beggar's prayer.

Newton.

61. *I will trust, and not be afraid.* P. M.

1 Begone, unbelief! my Saviour is near,
And for my relief will surely appear;
By prayer let me wrestle, and he will perform;
With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm.

2 Though dark be my way, since he is my guide,
'Tis *mine* to obey, 'tis his to provide;
Though cisterns be broken, and creatures all fail,
The word he has spoken shall surely prevail.

3 His love, in time past, forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink;
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review,
Confirms his good pleasure to help me quite through.

4 Determined to save, he watched o'er my path,
When, Satan's blind slave, I sported with death;
And can he have taught me to trust in his name,
And thus far have brought me to put me to shame?

5 Why should I complain of want or distress,
Temptation or pain?—he told me no less;
The heirs of salvation, I know from his word,
Through much tribulation must follow their Lord.

6 How bitter that cup no heart can conceive,
Which he drank quite up that sinners might live!
His way was much rougher and darker than mine;
Did Christ, my Lord, suffer, and shall I repine?

7 Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet, the medicine is food;
Though painful at present, 'twill cease before long,
And then, O how pleasant the conqueror's song!

Newton.

62. *The Sinner warned.* 7s.

Tune—Austria, Pilgrim.

1 When thy mortal life is fled,
When the death-shades o'er thee spread,
Thou hast finished earth's career,
Sinner, where wilt thou appear?

2 When the world has passed away,
When draws near the judgment day,
When the awful trump shall sound,
Say, O where wilt thou be found?

3 When the Judge descends in light,
Clothed in majesty and might;
When the wicked quail with fear,
Where, O where wilt thou appear?

4 What shall soothe thy pained heart,
When the saints and thou must part?
When the good with joy are crowned,
Sinner, where wilt thou be found?

5 While the Holy Ghost is nigh,
Quickly to the Saviour fly;
Then shall peace thy spirit cheer,
Then in heaven shalt thou appear.

S. F. Smith

63. *There is a Land of Pleasure.* **P. M.**

1 There is a land of pleasure,
Where streams of joy for ever roll;
'Tis there I have my treasure,
And there I hope to rest my soul.
Long darkness dwelt around me,
With scarcely once a cheering ray;
But since my Saviour found me,
A light has shone along my way.

2 My way is full of danger,
But it's the path that leads to God;
Then, like a valiant soldier,
I'll dauntless keep the happy road.
Now I must gird my sword on,
My helmet, breastplate, and my shield,
And fight the hosts of Satan,
Until I gain the heavenly field.

3 The vale of tears surrounds me,
And Jordan's current rolls before!
O, how I stand and tremble,
To hear the dismal waters roar!
Whose hand shall then support me,
And keep my soul from sinking there;
From sinking down to darkness,
And to the regions of despair.

4 The waves shall not affright me,
Although they're deeper than the grave;
If Jesus will stand by me,
I'll calmly ride on Jordan's wave:
His word has calmed the ocean,
His lamp has cheered the gloomy vale.
O may this Friend be with me,
When through the gates of death I sail!

64. *Remembering Christ.* L. M.

1 O thou, my soul forget no more,
The Friend who all thy sorrows bore;
Let every idol be forgot;
But, O my soul, forget Him not.
I am bound for the kingdom,
With glory in my soul.

2 Renounce thy works and ways, with grief,
And fly to this divine relief;
Nor Him forget, who left his throne,
And for thy life gave up his own, &c.

3 Eternal truth and mercy shine
In Him, and he himself is thine:
And canst thou, then, with sin beset,
Such charms, such matchless charms, forget, &c.

4 O no; till life itself depart,
His name shall cheer and warm my heart;
And, lisping this, from earth I'll rise,
And join the chorus of the skies, &c.

Krishna Pal, the first Hindoo Convert.

65. *Heavenly Contemplation.* 11s.

1 From gloomy dejection my thoughts mount the sky,
And realms ever peaceful, transported descry;
There joys ever blooming enrapture the soul,
And rivers of pleasure incessantly roll.

2 If such be my portion, why should I complain?
Why cherish despondence, why sadness retain?
Is sorrow then meet for an heir of the skies,
Who shortly to blessings unbounded shall rise?

3 No longer I'll murmur, no longer repine,
But joy 'mid all troubles, since heaven is mine;
Then deep in oblivion be sunk every fear,
Be erased from my bosom each trace of despair.

4 How glorious the scheme that grace doth enhance,
Our hopes to enliven, our bliss to advance!
It fills me with transport, my joys overflow,
Too big for expression, extatic they grow.

5 O aid me, ye angels, its wonders to tell,
Encompass the theme, in full symphony dwell;
But still it enlarges—no angel can scan
The scheme of redemption, the wonderful plan.

66. *Mercy is with me wherever I go.*

1 To Thee, O my Saviour, to Thee will I cling,
For Thou art my Lord, my Redeemer and King;
And feeling thy blessing, my spirit shall know,
Thy mercy is with me wherever I go.

2 Farewell to the anguish of doubt and despair,
And welcome the rapture of praise and of prayer;
Since, meekly confiding, in faith I rejoice,
To hear the sweet tones of thy comforting voice.

3 Around me there shineth the heavenly ray
Which scattereth clouds and their shadows away,
And melteth my soul in devotional glow—
For mercy is with me wherever I go.

4 Farewell to the pleasures which time can afford,
Since Thou art my glory, my Saviour and Lord;
Nor fear I the darkness of death and the tomb,
Since Thou art my Light in the midst of the gloom.

5 Before me there gloweth, around and above,
The pledges of favor, the tokens of love;
And gratitude teacheth my spirit to know,
Thy mercy is with me wherever I go.

67. *Christ in the Garden.* PART I. 11s.

1 When nature was sinking in stillness to rest,
In deep meditation I wandered abroad;
The last beams of daylight shone dim in the west,
The moon cast her paleness in lone solitude.

2 While passing a garden, I lingered to hear
A voice, faint and plaintive, from one kneeling there;
The voice of the suppliant affected my heart,
While pleading, in anguish, the poor sinner's part.

3 In offering to heaven his pitying prayer,
He spake of the torments the sinner must bear;
His life as a ransom he offered to give,
That sinners redeemed in glory might live.

4 I listened a moment, then turned to see
What man of compassion this stranger could be,
When lo! I discovered, knelt on the cold ground,
The loveliest being I ever had found.

5 His mantle was wet with the dews of the night,
His locks, by pale moonlight, were glistening and bright;
His eyes, mildly beaming, to heaven were raised,
While round him in grandeur stood angels, amazed.

6 So deep was his sorrow, so fervent his prayers,
That down o'er his bosom rolled blood, sweat, and tears!
I wept to behold him, and asked him his name,
He answered, "Tis JESUS! From heaven I came."

68. *Christ in the Garden.* PART II.

1 "I am thy REDEEMER—for thee I must die;
The cup is most bitter, but cannot pass by;
Thy sins, which are many, are laid upon me,
And all this sore anguish I suffer for thee!"

2 I heard, with deep sorrow, the tale of his wo,
While tears of repentance mine eyes did o'erflow;
The cause of his sorrows to hear him repeat,
Pierced deeply my bosom—I fell at his feet.

3 In humble contrition I poured out my cry,
"Lord, save a poor sinner! O save, or I die!"
He smiled, when he saw me, and said to me,
"Live!
Thy sins, which were many, I freely forgive!"

4 How sweet was that sentence! it made me rejoice!
His smiles, how consoling! How *charming* his voice!
I ran from the garden to spread it abroad,
And shouted—"*Salvation! O Glory to God!*"

5 I'm now on my journey to mansions above—
My soul's full of glory, of light, peace, and love;
I think of the garden, the prayers and the tears
Of my blessed Jesus, who banished my fears.

6 The day of bright glory is rolling around,
When GABRIEL, descending, the trumpet will sound;
My soul to the Saviour in raptures shall rise,
And see Him for ever, with unclouded eyes.

69. *I would not live alway.* 11s.

1 I would not live alway: I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

2 I would not live alway thus fettered by sin—
Temptation without, and corruption within:
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

3 I would not live alway: no—welcome the tomb:
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom.
There sweet be my rest till he bid me arise
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

4 Who, who would live alway away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow bright o'er the plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?

5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul?

Muhlenburg

70. *Love to the Brethren.* S. M.

1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love!
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

71. *The Band of Love.* 8s & 6s.

1 Our souls in love together knit,
Cemented into one—
One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice,
'Tis heaven on earth begun.
Our hearts have burned while Jesus spake,
And glowed with sacred fire;
He stooped and talked, and fed, and blest,
And filled the enlarged desire.

CHORUS, L. M.

"A Saviour!" let creation sing!
"A Saviour!" let all heaven ring!
He's God with us, we feel him ours,
His fullness on our souls he pours;
'Tis almost done, 'tis almost o'er,
We're joining them who've gone before,
We then shall meet to part no more.

2 The little cloud increases still,
The heavens are big with rain;
We haste to catch the teeming shower,
And all its moisture drain.
A rill, a stream, a torrent flows!
But pour a mighty flood;
O! sweep the nations, shake the earth,
Till all proclaim thee God.
"*A Saviour*," &c.

3 And when thou mak'st thy jewels up,
And set'st thy starry crown;
When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,
Proclaimed by thee thine own;
May we, a little band of love,
Be sinners saved by grace;
From glory unto glory changed,
Behold thee face to face!
"*A Saviour*," &c.

72. *The Funeral Bell.*

1 Far, far o'er hill and dell, on the winds stealing
List to the tolling bell, mournfully pealing:
Hark! hark! it seems to say,
As melt those sounds away,
So earthly joys decay,
Whilst new their feeling.

2 Now through the charmed air, on the winds stealing,
List to the mourner's prayer, solemnly bending
Hark! hark! it seems to say,
Turn from those joys away
To those which ne'er decay,
For life is ending.

3 So when our mortal ties, death shall dissever,
Lord, may we reach the skies, where care comes never;
And in eternal day,
Joining the angels' lay,
To our Creator pay
Homage for ever.

73. *Come and see.*

1 Jesus, dear name, how sweet the sound,
Replete with balm for every wound;
His word declares his grace is free—
Come, needy sinner, come and see;
Come, guilty sinner, come and see:
Will you come? Will you come?

2 He left the shining courts on high,
Came to our world to bleed and die;
Jesus, the God, hung on the tree—
Come, helpless sinner, come and see;
Come, guilty sinner, come and see:
Will you come? Will you come?

3 Your sins did pierce his bleeding heart,
Till death had done its dreadful part;
Yet his dear love still burns to thee—
Come, careless sinner, come and see;
Come, guilty sinner, come and see:
Will you come? Will you come?

4 His blood can cleanse the foulest stain,
And make the filthy leper clean;
His blood at once availed for me—
Come, anxious sinner, come and see;
Come, guilty sinner, come and see:
Will you come? Will you come?

74. *The Lord will provide.* 10s & 11s.

Tune—Cheshunt.

1 Though troubles assail, and dangers affright
Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite;
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
The Scripture assures us, the Lord will provide.

2 When Satan appears to stop up the path,
And fills us with fears, we'll triumph by faith,
He cannot take from us (though oft he has tried)
This heart cheering promise, the Lord will provide.

3 He tells us we're weak, our hopes are in vain,
The good that we seek, we ne'er shall obtain;
But when such suggestions our graces have tried,
This answers all questions, the Lord will provide.

4 No strength of our own, or goodness we claim,
Yet since we have known the Saviour's great name,
In this our strong tower for salvation we hide,
The Lord is our power, the Lord will provide.

5 When life sinks apace and death is in view,
The word of his grace shall comfort us through;
Nor fearing nor doubting, with Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting, the Lord will provide.

Newton.

75. *Preparation for Death.*

1 Vain man, thy fond pursuits forbear,
Repent! thy end is nigh!
Death, at the farthest, can't be far,
O think, before thou die!
Reflect—thou hast a soul to save;
Thy sins how high they upward mount!
What are thy hopes beyond the grave?
How stands that dread account?

2 Death enters, and there's no defence;
His time, there's none can tell;
He'll in a moment call thee hence
To heaven—or to hell;
Thy flesh, perhaps thy chiefest care,
Shall greedy reptiles soon consume;
But ah! destruction stops not there,
Sin kills beyond the tomb.

3 To-day, the gospel calls to-day,
Sinners, it speaks to you:
Let every one forsake his way,
And mercy will ensue.
Amazing love that yet will call,
And yet prolong our worthless days!
Our hearts, subdued by goodness, fall,
And weep, and love, and praise.

76. *The Joyful Pilgrims.* 7s.

1 Children of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 Ye are traveling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest,
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seats are now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.

4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land:
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you, undismayed, GO ON.

5 Lord! submissive make us go
Gladly leaving all below:
Only thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

Cennick.

77. *Remember me.*

1 Lord, I despair myself to heal,
Dear Lord, remember me.
Thy Holy Spirit let me feel,
Dear Lord, remember me.

CHORUS.

Remember me, remember me,
Dear Lord, remember me;
Remember, Lord, thy dying groans,
Then, Lord, remember me.

2 Thy cleansing blood, O Lord, impart,
Dear Lord, remember me.
To purify and warm my heart,
Dear Lord, remember me.
Remember me, &c.

3 Peace, righteousness, and joy impart,
Dear Lord, remember me.
And pour thyself into my heart,
Dear Lord, remember me.
Remember me, &c.

4 Dead to the world, alive to thee,
Dear Lord, remember me,
I pray the Saviour let me be,
Dear Lord, remember me.
Remember me, &c.

5 May every evil thought be slain,
Dear Lord, remember me.
Nor I my Saviour grieve again,
Dear Lord, remember me.
Remember me, &c.

78. *Come, Lord, dwell in my bosom.*

Adapted to a popular German air.

1 Come, Lord, dwell in my bosom!
There, there hast thou thy throne;
Thou, thou knowest I love thee,
Deign, Lord, to call me thine own.
Yes, yes, yes, yes,
Deign, Lord, to call me thine own.

2 Sweet, sweet voice of my Jesus,
Soft as music of heaven,
"Fear not, I have redeemed thee—
Fear not, thy sins are forgiven!"
Yes, yes, yes, yes,
"*Mourner, thy sins are forgiven.*"

3 O then, dwell in my bosom!
There, there reign on thy throne,
Thou, thou knowest I love thee,
Now I am ever thine own.
Yes, yes, yes, yes,
Saviour, for ever thine own.

J. Dowling.

79. *Something New.* C. M.

1 Since man by sin has lost his God,
He seeks creation through,
And vainly strives for solid bliss
In trying *something new.*

2 The new possessed, like fading flowers,
Soon loses its gay hue;
The bubble now no longer charms—
The mind wants *something new.*

3 Could we but call all Europe ours,
California and Peru,
The mind would feel an aching void,
And still want *something new.*

4 But when the Saviour's love we feel,
All good in him we view:
The mind forsakes its vain delights,
In Christ finds *something new.*

5 The joys the dear Redeemer gives,
Will bear a strict review;
Nor need we ever change again,
For Christ is *always new.*

6 Cheerful we'll walk the road to bliss,
Joined with a happy few;
And when we reach our journey's end,
Find heaven *for ever new.*

80. *The Gospel Pool.* S. M.

1 Beside the gospel pool,
Appointed for the poor,
From year to year a sinful soul
Had waited for a cure.

2 The voice of one unknown,
Advancing where he lay,
Bespoke him in a gentle tone,
And thus it seemed to say:

3 "Poor, sinful, dying soul,
Why linger here and die?
Jesus can make the wounded whole,
And he is passing by.

4 "The Saviour passing by,
Well knows your sinking state,
And while salvation is so nigh,
The sinner need not wait."

5 That voice dispelled the charm,
His fatal slumbers broke;
He saw his sins with fresh alarm,
And feared the vengeful stroke.

6 Unable to endure,
He called for aid divine—
The great Physician wrought the cure—
That guilty soul was mine.

81. *Comfort for the Church in Trouble.* 11s.

1 O Zion! afflicted with wave upon wave,
Whom no man can comfort, whom no man can save;
With darkness surrounded, by terror dismayed,
In toiling and rowing thy strength is decayed.

2 Loud roaring, the billows now nigh overwhelm,
But skilful's the Pilot who sits at the helm;
His wisdom conducts thee, his power thee defends,
In safety and quiet thy warfare he ends.

3 "O fearful! O faithless!" in mercy he cries,
"My promise, my truth, are they light in thine eyes?
Still, still I am with thee, my promise shall stand,
Through tempest and tossing I'll bring thee to land.

4 "Forget thee I will not, I cannot, thy name
Engraved on my heart doth for ever remain;
The palms of my hands, whilst I look on, I see
The wounds I received when suffering for thee.

5 "I feel, at my heart, all thy sighs and thy groans,
For thou art most near me, my flesh and my bones;
In all thy distresses thy Head feels the pain,
Yet all are most needful, not one is in vain.

6 "Then trust me and fear not, thy life is secure;
My Wisdom is perfect, supreme is my power:
In love I correct thee, thy soul to refine,
To make thee at length in my likeness to shine.

7 "The foolish, the fearful, the weak are my care;
The helpless, the hopeless, I hear their sad prayer;
From all their afflictions, my glory shall spring,
And the deeper their sorrows, the louder they'll sing."

82. *The Good Old Way.* L. M.

1 Lift up your heads, Immanuel's friends,
And taste the pleasures Jesus sends;
Let nothing cause you to delay,
But hasten on the *Good Old Way.*

2 Our conflicts here, though great they be,
Shall not prevent our victory.
If we but watch, and strive, and pray,
Like soldiers in the *Good Old Way.*

3 And when on Pisgah's top we stand,
And view by faith the promised land,
Then we will shout and sing and pray—
And march along the *Good Old Way.*

4 Ye valiant souls, for heaven contend,
Remember life is at the end;
Our God will wipe all tears away,
When we have run the *Good Old Way.*

5 When far beyond this mortal shore,
We'll join with those who've gone before;
And sing in yonder world of day,
With all who've trod the *Good Old Way.*

83. *Self-consecration.* 6s & 4s.

1 My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary;
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
O! let me from this day
Be wholly thine.

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
O! may my love to thee,
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then in love,
Fear and distress remove:
O! bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul.

R. Palmer.

84. *The Narrow Way.* C. M.

1 There is a path that leads to God,
All others go astray;
'Tis narrow, yet a pleasant road,
And Christians love the way.

2 It leads straight through this world of sin,
And dangers must be passed;
But those who boldly walk therein,
Will come to heaven at last.

3 While that broad road where thousands go,
Lies near and opens fair,
And many turn aside, I know,
To walk with sinners there.

4 But lest my feeble steps should slide,
Or wander from the way;
Lord, condescend to be my guide,
And I shall never stray.

S. Hale.

85. *Come, Sinners, to the Saviour.* 8s, 7s & 4s.

1 Come, ye sinners poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and power.
He is able,
He is willing, doubt no more.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh;
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger;
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth,
Is, to feel your need of him;
This he gives you,
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous;
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Maker prostrate lies!
On the bloody tree behold him!
Hear him cry, before he dies,
"It is finished!"
Sinners, will not this suffice?

Hart.

86. *The Gospel Trumpet.*

1 Hark! hark! the gospel trumpet sounds,
Through earth and heaven the echo bounds;
Pardon and peace by Jesus' blood!
Sinners are reconciled to God,
Sinners are reconciled to God,
By grace divine.

2 Come, sinners, hear the joyful news,
No longer dare the grace refuse;
Mercy and justice here combine,
Goodness and truth harmonious join,
Goodness and truth harmonious join,
To invite you near.

3 Ye saints in glory, strike the lyre;
Ye mortals, catch the sacred fire:
Let both the Saviour's love proclaim,
For ever worthy is the Lamb,
For ever worthy is the Lamb,
Of endless praise.

87. *Panting for Heaven.* 8s.

1 Ye angels who stand round the throne,
And view my Immanuel's face,
In rapturous songs make him known;
'Tune, tune your soft harps to his praise;
He formed you the spirits you are,
So happy, so noble, so good;
When others sunk down in despair,
Confirmed by his power ye stood.

2 Ye saints who stand nearer than they,
And cast your bright crowns at his feet,
His grace and his glory display,
And all his rich mercy repeat;
He snatched you from hell and the grave,
He ransomed from death and despair;
For you he was mighty to save,
Almighty to bring you safe there.

3 O when will the period appear,
When I shall unite in your song?
I'm weary of lingering here,
For I to your Saviour belong!
I'm fettered and chained up in clay,
I struggle and pant to be free;
I long to be soaring away,
My God and my Saviour to see!

88. *Though hard the winds are blowing.*

1 Though hard the winds are blowing,
And loud the billows roar;
Full swiftly we are going
To our dear native shore.

2 The billows breaking o'er us,
The storms that round us swell,
Are aiding to restore us
To all we loved so well.

3 So sorrow often presses
Life's mariner along;
Afflictions and distresses
Are gales and billows strong.

4 The sharper and severer
The storm of life we meet,
The sooner and the nearer
Is heaven's eternal seat.

5 Come, then, afflictions dreary,
Sharp sickness pierce my breast—
You only bear the weary
More quickly home to rest.

89. *Free Grace.* 12s.

Tune—Scotland.

1 The voice of free grace cries, "Escape to the mountain:"
For Adam's lost race Christ hath opened a fountain;
For sin and uncleanness, and every transgression,
His blood flows most freely in streams of salvation.
Hallelujah to the Lamb, who has died for our pardon,
We'll praise him again, when we pass over Jordan.

2 Now Jesus, our King, reigns triumphantly glorious;
O'er sin, death, and hell, he is more than victorious:
With shouting proclaim it—O trust in his passion,
He saves us most freely—O precious salvation!
Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

3 The Saviour his name now proclaims all victorious.
He reigns over all, and his kingdom is glorious:
To Jesus we'll join with the great congregation,
And triumph, ascribing to him our salvation.
Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

4 With joy shall we stand, when escaped to the shore;
With harps in our hands, we'll praise him the more;
We'll range the sweet plains on the bank of the river,
And sing of salvation for ever and ever!
Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

90. *O turn ye!* 11s.

1 O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die?
When God in great mercy is coming so nigh;
Since Jesus invites you, the Spirit says come,
And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

2 How vain the delusion, that while you delay,
Your hearts may grow better by staying away;
Come wretched, come starving, come just as you be,
While streams of salvation are flowing so free.

3 And now Christ is ready your souls to receive,
O how can you question, if you will believe!
If sin is your burden, why will you not come!
'Tis you he bids welcome; he bids you come home.

4 Why will you be starving and feeding on air!
There's mercy in Jesus, enough and to spare;
If still you are doubting, make trial and see,
And prove that his mercy is boundless and free.

91. *Thou sweet gliding Kedron.* 11s

Thou sweet gliding Kedron, by thy silver streams
Our Saviour at midnight, when moonlight's pale beams
Shone bright on the waters, would frequently stray,
And lose, in thy murmurs, the toils of the day.

2 How damp were the vapors that fell on his head!
How hard was his pillow—how humble his bed!
The angels, astonished, grew sad at the sight,
And followed their Master with solemn delight.

3 O garden of Olives, thou dear, honored spot,
The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot;
The theme most transporting to seraphs above;
The triumph of sorrow, the triumph of love!

4 Come, saints, and adore him—come bow at his feet!
O, give him the glory, the praise that is meet!
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.

92. *O how he loves.*

1 There's a friend above all others,
O, how he loves!
His is love beyond a brother's,
O, how he loves!
Earthly friends may fail and leave us,
This day kind the next bereave us,
But this friend will ne'er deceive us,
O, how he loves!

2 Blessed Jesus! wouldst thou know him,
O, how he loves!
Give thyself e'en this day to him,
O, how he loves!
Is it sin that pains and grieves thee,
Unbelief and trials tease thee?
Jesus can from all release thee,
O, how he loves!

3 All thy sins shall be forgiven,
O, how he loves!
Backward all thy foes be driven,
O, how he loves!
Best of blessings he'll provide thee,
Nought but good shall e'er betide thee,
Safe to glory he will guide thee,
O, how he loves!

4 Let us still this love be viewing,
O, how he loves!
And though faint, keep on pursuing,
O, how he loves!
He will strengthen each endeavor,
And when passed o'er Jordan's river
This shall be our song for ever,
O, how he loves!

93. *Come to Jesus, just now.*

1 Come to Jesus, trembling mourner,
Come to Jesus, trembling mourner,
Come to Jesus just now,
Just now, just now,
Come to Jesus just now.

2 Do not tarry till you're better,
Do not tarry till you're better,
Come to Jesus just now, &c.

3 Cease, poor mourner, cease your weeping,
Give your soul to Jesus' keeping;
Come to Jesus just now, &c.

4 Now believe him, now believe him,
In your bosom now receive him;
Come to Jesus just now, &c.

94. *The dying Thief.* 7s.

1 Sovereign grace hath power alone
To subdue a heart of stone;
And the moment grace is felt,
Then the hardest heart will melt.

2 When the Lord was crucified,
Two transgressors with him died;
One, with vile blaspheming tongue,
Scoffed at Jesus as he hung.

3 Thus he spent his wicked breath
In the very jaws of death;
Perished, as too many do,
With the Saviour in his view.

4 But the other, touched with grace,
Saw the danger of his case;
Faith received to own his Lord,
Whom the scribes and priests abhorred.

5 Lord, he prayed, remember me,
When in glory thou shalt be.
Soon with me, the Lord replies,
Thou shalt be in Paradise.

6 This was wondrous grace indeed,
Grace vouchsafed in time of need;
Sinners, trust in Jesus' name,
You will find him still the same.

Newton.

95. *The Christian at the Cross.* C. M

1 Alas! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?
O the Lamb, the loving Lamb,
The Lamb on Calvary:
The Lamb that was slain,
But liveth again,
To intercede for me.

2 Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! Grace unknown!
And love beyond degree, &c.

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God the mighty Maker died,
For man the creature's sin, &c.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes in tears, &c.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do, &c.

Watts.

96. *Marching toward Heaven.*

Air—There is a Friend we ought to love. Sab. S. Melody.

1 Give me the wings of faith to rise
Within the vail, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
And soon shall hear the trumpet sound.
We hope to meet at Jesus' feet,
And never, never part again!
What! never part again? (male voices.)
No! never part again! (female.)
What! never part again? (male.)
No! never part again! (female.)
We hope to meet at Jesus' feet,
And never, never part again.

2 Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.
We're marching through, &c.

3 I ask them whence their victory came;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.
We're marching through, &c.

Watts.

97. *Stop, poor Sinner.* 7s & 6s.

1 Stop, poor sinner, stop and think,
Before you further go;
Will you sport upon the brink
Of everlasting wo?
On the verge of ruin stop—
Now the friendly warning take—
Stay your footsteps—ere you drop
Into the burning lake.

2 Say, have you an arm like God,
That you his will oppose?
Fear you not that iron rod
With which he breaks his foes?
Can you stand in that dread day,
Which his justice shall proclaim,
When the earth shall melt away,
Like wax before the flame?

3 Ghastly death will quickly come,
And drag you to his bar;
Then to hear your awful doom,
Will fill you with despair!
Sinners then in vain will call,
Those who now despise his grace,
"Rocks and mountains on us fall,
And hide us from his face."

Newton.

98. *The affecting question—"Lovest thou me?"*

1 Hark, my soul! it is the Lord!
'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee:
Trembling mourner, lov'st thou me?

2 I delivered thee when bound,
And when wounded, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 Can a woman's tender care
Cease toward the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above;
Deeper than the depths beneath;
True and faithful, strong as death.

5 Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be;
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love thee and adore,
O for grace to love thee more!

Cowper.

99. *How lovely the Place.*

1 How lovely the place where the Saviour appears,
To those who believe in his word;
His presence disperses my sorrows and fears,
And bids me rejoice in my Lord.

2 A day in his courts, than a thousand beside,
Is better and lovelier far—
My soul hates the tents where the wicked reside,
And all their delights I abhor.

3 Lord! give me a place with the humblest of saints,
For low at thy feet I would lie:
I know that thou hearest my feeble complaints;
Thou hearest the young raven's cry.

4 Give strength to the souls that now wait upon thee,
O come, in thy chariot of love!
From earth's vain enchantments, O help us to flee,
And to set our affections above!

100. *My Bible leads to Glory.*

1 My Bible leads to glory,
My Bible leads to glory
My Bible leads to glory
Ye followers of the Lamb.
Sing on, pray on,
Ye followers of Immanuel.
Sing on, pray on,
Ye followers of the Lamb.

2 Religion makes me happy,
Religion, &c.
Sing on, pray on, &c.

3 King Jesus is my captain,
King Jesus, &c.
Sing on, pray on, &c.

4 I long to see my Saviour,
I long, &c.
Sing on, pray on, &c.

5 Then farewell, sin and sorrow,
Then farewell, &c.
Sing on, pray on, &c.

101. *The Harvest Hymn.* L. M.

1 This is the field the world below,
In which the sower comes to sow;
Jesus the wheat, Satan the tares,
For so the word of truth declares:
And soon the reaping time will come,
And angels shout the harvest home.

2 To love my sins, a saint appear,
To grow in wheat, and be a tare—
May serve me while on earth below,
Where tares and wheat together grow:
But soon the reaping time, &c.

3 Most awful truth, and is it so?
Must all mankind the harvest know?
Is every man a wheat or tare?
Me for the harvest, Lord, prepare:
For soon the reaping time, &c.

4 Then all who truly righteous be,
Their Father's kingdom soon shall see:
But tares in bundles shall be bound,
And cast in hell, O doleful sound!
For soon the reaping time, &c.

102. *O tell me no more.* 10s. & 11s.

1 O tell me no more,
Of this world's vain store!
The time for such trifles
With me now is o'er.
O Hallelujah, &c.

2 A country I've found,
Where true joys abound!
To dwell, I'm determined,
On that holy ground, &c.

3 The souls that believe,
In paradise live;
And me in that number
Will Jesus receive, &c.

4 No mortal doth know
What he can bestow,
What light, strength, and comfort,
Go after him, go, &c.

5 But this I do find,
We two are so joined,
He'll not live in glory,
And leave me behind, &c.

6 And when I'm to die,
Receive me, I'll cry,
For Jesus hath loved me,
I cannot tell why. *O Hal.*, &c.

103. *Heavenly Love.* C. M.

1 Come, heavenly love, inspire my song
With thine immortal flame;
And teach my heart, and teach my tongue,
The Saviour's lovely name.

2 The Saviour! O, what endless charms
Dwell in that blissful sound!
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads delight around.

3 Here pardon, life, and joys divine,
In rich profusion flow,
For guilty rebels, lost in sin,
And doomed to endless wo.

4 O, the rich depths of love divine!
Of bliss, a boundless store!
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine,
I cannot wish for more.

5 On thee alone my hope relies;
Beneath thy cross I fall;
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
My Saviour and my all!

104. *Improvement of Life.* C. M.

1 And is this life prolonged to me?
Are days and seasons given?
O let me then prepare to be
A fitter heir of heaven!

2 In vain these moments shall not pass,
These golden hours be gone:
Lord, I accept thine offered grace,
I bow before thy throne.

3 Now cleanse my soul from every sin
By my Redeemer's blood:
Now let my flesh and soul begin
The honors of my God.

4 Let me no more my soul beguile
With sin's deceitful toys;
Let cheerful hope, increasing still,
Approach to heavenly joys.

5 My thankful lips shall loud proclaim
The wonders of thy praise,
And spread the savor of thy name,
Where'er I spend my days.

6 On earth let my example shine,
And when I leave this state,
May Heaven receive this soul of mine
To bliss supremely great.

105. *The Morning Prayer Meeting.*

1 Up! shake off the bands of sleep—
Nature is awaking.
Up! and to the place of prayer,
For the day is breaking.

2 Hear ye not the still small voice,
Satan's empire shaking?
In the place of prayer 'tis heard—
There, the day is breaking.

3 Sinners hear the voice and come,
All their sins forsaking;
Early to the place of prayer,
While the day is breaking.

4 Worldly men are up betimes,
Every effort making—
Come, then, to the place of prayer,
While the day is breaking.

5 Jesus! long before the light,
Waits for your awaking;
Haste, then, to the place of prayer,
For the day is breaking.

6 Hear ye not the still small voice,
Satan's empire shaking?
In the place of prayer 'tis heard—
There, the day is breaking.

106. *Come to the Place of Prayer.*

1 Come to the place of prayer,
The day is past and gone,
And on the silent air,
The voice of praise is borne:
Sweet is the hour of rest,
Pleasant the heart's low sigh,
The glow within our breast,
And the hope beyond the sky.

2 Yes! tuneful is the sound
Of converts as they sing;
Welcome the glory round,
Shed from the Spirit's wing;
But bliss more sweet and still
Than aught on earth e'er gave,
Our yearning souls shall fill
In the world beyond the grave.

3 Earth with her dreams shall fade,
And our bodies turn to dust;
But our souls shall soar and sing
In the mansions of the just;
"So we lift our trusting eyes
From the hills our fathers trod,
To the quiet of the skies,
To the Sabbath of our God."
Come, come, come, &c.

107. *Why will ye Die.*

1 To-day if you will hear his voice,
Now is the time to make your choice;
Say, will you be for ever blest,
And with the glorious Jesus rest?
O turn, O turn, why will you die?
'Tis God the Father asks you why.

2 Will you be saved from guilt and pain?
Will you with Christ for ever reign?
Say, will you to mount Zion go?
Say, will you have this Christ or no?
O turn, O turn, why will you die?
'Tis God the Saviour asks you why?

3 Come, blooming youth, for ruin bound,
Obey the gospel's joyful sound;
Come, go with us, and you shall prove
The joys of Christ's redeeming love.
O turn, O turn, why will you die?
'Tis God the Spirit asks you why?

4 Your sports, and all your glittering toys,
Compared to our celestial joys,
Like momentary dreams appear;
Come, go with us—your souls are dear.
O turn, O turn, why will you die?
These happy converts ask you why?

5 Once more we ask you in his name,
We know his love remains the same:
Say, will you to Mount Zion go?
Say, will you have this Christ or no?
O turn, O turn, why will you die?
Say, sinner, what is your reply?

108. *Weep not for me.*

1 When the spark of life is waning,
Weep not for me.
When the languid eye is straining,
Weep not for me.
When the feeble pulse is ceasing,
Start not at its swift decreasing,
'Tis the fettered soul's releasing;
Weep not for me.

2 When the pangs of death assail me,
Weep not for me.
Christ is mine—He cannot fail me,
Weep not for me.
Yes, though sin and doubt endeavor
From his love my soul to sever,
Jesus is my strength for ever!
Weep not for me.

Dale.

THE

MISSIONARY CONCERT.

109. *Blessings on Zion.* H. M.

1 O Zion, tune thy voice,
And lift thy hands on high;
Tell all the earth thy joys,
And shout salvation nigh;
Cheerful in God, arise and shine,
While all abroad stream rays divine.

2 He gilds thy mourning face
With beams that cannot fade;
His all-resplendent grace
He pours around thy head.
The nations round thy form shall view,
Divinely crowned with lustre new.

3 In honor to his name
Reflect that sacred light;
And loud that grace proclaim,
Which makes thy darkness bright.
Pursue his praise till sovereign love
The glory raise, in worlds above.

Doddridge.

110. *Missionary Hymn.* 7s & 6s.

1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle—
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile!
In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high—
Shall we to man benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story;
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
Returns in bliss to reign.

Heber.

111. *Encouragement to use Means.* L. M

1 Behold the expected time draw near,
The shades disperse, the dawn appear—
Behold the wilderness assume
The beauteous tints of Eden's bloom

2 Events, with prophecies, conspire
To raise our faith, our zeal to fire:
The ripening fields, already white,
Present a harvest to our sight.

3 The untaught heathen waits to know
The joy the gospel will bestow:
The exiled slave waits to receive
The freedom Jesus has to give.

4 Come, let us, with a grateful heart,
In the blest labor share a part;
Our prayers and offerings gladly bring
To aid the triumphs of our King.

112. *The Bible for the Heathen.*

Air—There is a Happy Land.

1 O send the word Divine,
  Far, far away;
In every heathen clime
  Its light display;
O let the Burman sing,
"Worthy is our Saviour King,"
And loud his praises ring—
  Praise, praise for aye.

2 God's word to every land,
  Send, send away;
He will with bounteous hand
  Our love repay.
O! we shall happy be,
When the heathen we shall see
Dwelling, O Lord, with thee
  In heaven for aye.

3 Then in that happy land,
  Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
  Bright, bright as day,
O we will sweetly sing,
"Worthy is our Saviour King,"
And with the heathen ring
  His praise for aye.

L. B. Reed.

113. *O'er the gloomy Hills of Darkness.*

1 O'er the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul, be still, and gaze;
All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace;
Blessed jubilee,
Let thy glorious morning dawn!

2 Let the dark, benighted heathen,
Let the rude barbarian see
That divine and glorious conquest,
Once obtained on Calvary;
Let the gospel
Loud resound from pole to pole.

3 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;
And from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night;
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

4 Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting, wide dominions,
Multiply and still increase;
Sway thy sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around.

Williams.

114. *Consolation of Israel.* 8s & 7s.

1 Come, thou long expected Jesus!
Born to set thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in thee:
Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the saints thou art;
Dear desire of every nation—
Joy of every longing heart.

2 Born, thy people to deliver;
Born a child, and yet a king;
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.
By thy own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thy all sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

Madan.

115. *Prayer for the success of the Gospel.* C.M.

1 Great God, the nations of the earth
Are by creation thine;
And in thy works, by all beheld,
Thy radiant glories shine.

2 But, Lord, thy greater love has sent
Thy gospel to mankind,
Unveiling what rich stores of grace
Are treasured in thy mind.

3 O, when shall these glad tidings spread
The spacious earth around,
Till every tribe and every soul
Shall hear the joyful sound?

4 Smile, Lord, on each divine attempt
To spread the gospel's rays,
And build on sin's demolished throne
The temples of thy praise. *W. Ward.*

116. *A voice from the Desert.* 11s.

1 A voice from the desert comes awful and shrill,
The Lord is advancing, prepare ye the way:
The word of Jehovah he comes to fulfill,
And o'er the dark world pour the splendor of day.

2 Bring down the proud mountain, though towering to heaven,
And be the low valley exalted on high;
The rough path and crooked, be made smooth and even,
For, Zion, your King, your Redeemer is nigh.

3 The beams of salvation his progress illume,
The lone dreary wilderness sings of her God,
The rose and the myrtle shall suddenly bloom,
And the olive of peace spread its branches abroad.
Drummond.

117. *Evangelical Philanthropy.* H. M.

1 Rejoice, the Saviour reigns
Among the sons of men;
He breaks the prisoners' chains
And makes them free again;
Let hell oppose God's only Son,
In spite of foes his cause goes on.

2 The cause of righteousness,
And truth, and holy peace,
Designed our world to bless,
Shall spread and never cease;
Gentile and Jew, their souls shall bow,
Allegiance due with rapture vow.

3 The baffled prince of hell
In vain new projects tries,
Truth's empire to repel
By cruelty and lies,
The infernal gates shall rage in vain,
Conquest awaits the Lamb once slain.

4 This little seed from heaven
Shall soon become a tree;
This ever-blessed leaven
Diffused abroad must be;
Till God the Son shall come again,
It must go on. Amen! Amen!

118. *Progress of the Gospel.* 8s, 7s & 4s.

1 Yes! we trust the day is breaking;
Joyful times are near at hand:
God, the mighty God is speaking
By his word in every land:
When he chooses,
Darkness flies at his command.

2 Let us hail the joyful season;
Let us hail the dawning ray:
When the Lord appears, there's reason
To expect a glorious day:
At his presence
Gloom and darkness flee away.

3 While the foe becomes more daring;
While he enters like a flood;
God, the Saviour is preparing
Means to spread his truth abroad;
Every language
Soon shall tell the love of God.

4 God of Jacob high and glorious,
Let thy people see thy hand;
Let the gospel be victorious,
Through the world, in every land:
And the idols
Perish, Lord, at thy command.

Nettleton.

119. *The Missionary Concert of Prayer.*

Air—From Greenland's icy mountains.

1 From our beloved nation,
To heathen climes afar,
The blessings of salvation,
The light of Bethlehem's star,
Has shed its ray of gladness,
Where sin's dark tide doth roll,
And from the chains of sadness
Has raised the captive soul.

2 We've prayed for olive China,
And for the dark Karen,
And wept for fettered Burmah
With all its holy men.
And asked the God of heaven,
That to his blessed Son
The kingdoms might be given—
His will on earth be done.

3 Then let our prayers and offerings
O Lord accepted be,
And those who still are suffering
Thy love and glory see.
From wigwam, hut and cabin,
May holy incense rise,
Till Zion wafts the chorus,
Salvation, through the skies.

Mrs. Baxter.

120. *The Gospel Banner.* 7s & 6s.

1 Now be the gospel banner
In every land unfurled;
And be the shout, hosanna,
Re-echoed through the world;
Till every isle and nation,
Till every tribe and tongue,
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng.

2 What though the embattled legions
Of earth and hell combine—
His arm, throughout their regions,
Shall soon resplendent shine:
Ride on, O Lord, victorious!
Immanuel, Prince of Peace!
Thy triumph shall be glorious;
Thy empire still increase.

3 Yes, thou shalt reign for ever,
O Jesus, King of kings!
Thy light, thy love, thy favor,
Each ransomed captive sings:
The isles for thee are waiting,
The deserts learn thy praise,
The hills and valleys, greeting,
The song responsive raise.

121. *The Heathen crying for Help.* 8s & 7s

1 Hark! what mean those lamentations,
Rolling sadly through the sky?
'Tis the cry of heathen nations—
"Come and help us, or we die!"

2 Hear the heathen's sad complaining;
Christians! hear their dying cry;
And the love of Christ constraining,
Haste to help them, ere they die.

Cawood.

122. *Encouragement to Missionaries.* 6s & 4s.

Tune—America.

1 Sound, sound the truth abroad;
Bear ye the word of God
Through the wide world:
Tell what our Lord has done,
Tell how the day is won,
And from his lofty throne
Satan is hurled.

2 Speed on the wings of love;
Jesus, who reigns above,
Bids us to fly:
They who his message bear
Should neither doubt nor fear;
He will their friend appear;
He will be nigh.

3 When on the mighty deep
He will their spirits keep,
Stayed on his word;
When in a foreign land,
No other friend at hand,
Jesus will by them stand—
Jesus, their Lord.

4 Ye who, forsaking all
At your loved Master's call,
Comforts resign—
Soon will your work be done;
Soon will the prize be won;
Brighter than yonder sun
Then shall ye shine.

123. *Christ's Reign upon Earth.* 7s.

1 Hasten, Lord, the glorious time,
When, beneath Messiah's sway,
Every nation, every clime,
Shall the gospel call obey.

2 Highest kings his power shall own;
Heathen tribes his name adore;
Satan and his host o'erthrown,
Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

3 Then shall wars and tumults cease,
Then be banished grief and pain;
Righteousness, and joy, and peace,
Undisturbed, shall ever reign.

124. *Consecration to the Work.* 8s & 7s.

1 While the heralds of salvation
God's abounding grace proclaim,
Let his friends of every station
Gladly join to spread his name.

2 May his kingdom be promoted;
May the world the Saviour know:
Be my all to him devoted;
To my Lord my all I owe.

3 Praise the Saviour, all ye nations;
Praise him all ye hosts above;
Shout with joyful acclamations,
His divine, victorious love.

7s & 4s.

125. *Prayer for Missionaries on their Voyage.*

Air—The morning light is breaking.

1 Roll on, thou mighty ocean;
And as thy billows flow,
Bear messengers of mercy
To every vale of wo:
Arise, ye gales, and waft them
Safe to their destined shore;
That men may sit in darkness
And death's deep shade no more.

2 O thou eternal Ruler,
Who holdest in thine arm
The tempests of the ocean,
Deliver them from harm!
Thy presence still be with them
Wherever they may be;
Though far from those who love them,
Let them be nigh to thee.

126. *Report of the Watchman.* 7s.

1 Watchman! tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.
Traveller! o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory beaming star.

2 Watchman! does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Traveller! yes, it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.

3 Watchman! tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveller! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.

4 Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveller, ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth!

Bowring.

127. *The Heathen's Cry.*

Air—Rouse ye at the Saviour's call.

1 Hark! what cry arrests my ear?
Hark! what accents of despair?
'Tis the heathen's dying prayer;
Friends of Jesus, hear.
Men of God, to you we cry,
Rests on you our tearful eye;
Help us, Christians, or we die—
Die in dark despair!

2 Hasten, Christians, haste to save,
O'er the land, and o'er the wave,
Dangers, death, and distance brave:
Hark! for help they call.
Afric bends her suppliant knee,
Asia spreads her hand to thee—
Hark! they urge the heaven-born plea,
Jesus died for all.

3 Haste, then, spread the Saviour's name
Snatch the firebrands from the flame,
Deck his glorious diadem
With their ransomed souls.
See! the Pagan altars fall!
See! the Saviour reigns o'er all!
Crown him! crown him! Lord of all!
Echoes round the poles.

Amos Sutton.

128. *The Time to favor Zion.* L. M.

1 Sovereign of worlds, display thy power;
Be this thy Zion's favored hour;
Bid the bright morning-star arise,
And point the nations to the skies.

2 Set up thy throne where Satan reigns,
On China's shore, on Burmah's plains;
Far let the gospel's sound be known,
And claim the nations for thy own.

3 Speak—and the world shall hear thy voice;
Speak—and the desert shall rejoice;
Scatter the gloom of heathen night;
Bid every nation hail the light.

129. *Dawn of the Millennium.*

1 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning!
Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain!
Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning
Zion in triumph begins her mild reign.

2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning!
Long by the prophets of Israel foretold;
Hail to the millions from bondage returning!
Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.

3 See from all lands, from the isles of the ocean,
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
Fallen are the engines of war and commotion;
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

130 *Daughter of Zion.*

1 Daughter of Zion, awake from thy sadness
Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more!
Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of gladness;
Arise, for the night of thy sorrow is o'er!

2 Strong were thy foes; but the arm that subdued them,
And scattered their legions, was mightier far;
They fled like the chaff from the scourge that pursued them;
Vain were their steeds and their chariots of war.

3 Daughter of Zion, the power that hath saved thee
Extolled with the harp and the timbrel should be;
Shout, for the foe is destroyed that enslaved thee;
The oppressor is vanquished, and Zion is free.

CLOSING STANZAS FOR THE MISSIONARY CONCERT.

131. L. M.

1 From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till sun shall rise and set no more.

Watts.

132. 8s & 7s.

Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for his own abode:
On the rock of ages founded—
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

133. C. M.

Lord, send thy Spirit with thy word,
To every tribe and tongue;
Let all the nations praise the Lord
In one delightful song.

134. 7s & 6s.

When shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along?
When hill and valley, ringing
With one triumphant song,
Proclaim the contest ended,
And Him who once was slain,
Again to earth descended,
In righteousness to reign?

135. S. M.

Tune—Silver Street.

1 Thy name, almighty Lord,
Shall sound through distant lands;
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word,
Thy truth for ever stands.

2 Far be thine honor spread,
And long thy praise endure,
Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be exchanged no more.
Praise ye the Lord, Hallelujah.

136. 8s & 6s. *Watts.*

We'll aid thy triumphs, mighty King!
The glories of thy cross we'll sing,
And shout salvation round;
Till every nation, every land,
From Greenland's shore to Afric's strand,
Shall echo back the sound.

137. S. M.

1 O Holy Spirit, rise,
  Expand thy heavenly wing,
And o'er a dark and ruined world
  Let light and order spring!

2 O all ye nations, rise,
  To God the Saviour sing!
From shore to shore, from earth to heaven,
  Let echoing anthems ring!

138. 7s.

1 Rise, triumphant Saviour, rise!
  Now display thy boundless power;
Bid the earth, and seas, and skies
  Thy all glorious name adore.

2 Now thy ancient word fulfil,
  Through the earth extend thy sway;
Let the nations know thy will,
  Let them all thy Son obey.

139. H. M.

All hail, triumphant Lord!
  Eternal be thy reign;
May all the nations come
  To wear thy gentle chain:
When earth and time are known no more,
Thy throne shall stand for ever sure.

140. L. M.

Almighty God! thy grace proclaim
In every clime of every name!
Let adverse powers before thee fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all!

141. L. M.

Now to the God whose power can do
More than our thoughts and wishes know,
Be everlasting honors done
By all the church, through Christ his Son.

142. L. M.

Blessings for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched men;
Let angels sound his sacred name,
And every creature say, Amen.

143. *Dismission.*

Lord dismiss us with thy blessing;
Bid us all depart in peace;
Still on gospel manna feeding,
Pure seraphic joys increase.
Fill each breast with consolation,
Up to thee our voices raise;
When we reach thy blissful station
Then we'll give thee nobler praise.
And sing hallelujah to God and the Lamb,
For ever and ever, hallelujah, Amen.

BAPTISM.

[The following few hymns, on Christian Baptism, are inserted for the convenience of Baptismal occasions in the open air, where it may be inconvenient to be supplied with the larger hymn books.]

144. *Following Christ in Baptism.*

1 Buried beneath the yielding wave
The great Redeemer lies;
Faith views him in the watery grave,
And thence beholds him rise.

2 Thus do his willing saints to-day,
Their ardent zeal express,
And, in the Lord's appointed way,
Fulfill all righteousness.

3 With joy we in his footsteps tread,
And would his cause maintain—
Like him be numbered with the dead,
And with him rise and reign.

4 His presence oft revives our hearts,
And drives our fears away;
When he commands, and strength imparts,
We cheerfully obey.

Beddome.

145. *The Baptism.* **P. M.**

1 Salem's bright King, Jesus by name,
In ancient time to Jordan came,
All righteousness to fill;
'Twas there the ancient Baptist stood,
Whose name was John, a man of God,
To do his Master's will.

2 Down in old Jordan's rolling stream,
The Baptist led the holy Lamb,
And there did him baptize;
Jehovah saw his darling Son,
And was well pleased in what he'd done,
And owned him from the skies.

3 "This is my son," Jehovah cries,
The echoing voice from glory flies,
"O children, hear ye him;"
Hark! 'tis his voice, behold! he cries,
"Repent, believe and be baptized,
And wash away your sins."

4 Come, children, come, his voice obey,
Salem's bright King has mark'd the way,
And has a crown prepared.
O then arise and give consent,
Walk in the way that Jesus went,
And have the great reward.

5 Believing children, gather round,
And let your joyful songs abound,
With cheerful hearts arise:
See, here is water, here is room,
A loving Saviour calling, "Come,
O children, be baptized."

146. *Hinder me not.* C. M.

1 In all my Lord's appointed ways
My journey I'll pursue;
"Hinder me not," ye much-loved saints,
For I must go with you.

2 Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
I'll follow where he goes;
"Hinder me not," shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.

3 Through duties, and through trials too,
I'll go at his command;
"Hinder me not;" for I am bound
To my Immanuel's land.

4 And when my Saviour calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be:
"Hinder me not;" come, welcome death,
I'll gladly go with thee.

J. Ryland.

147. *A Baptismal Hymn.* L. M.

1 The great Redeemer we adore,
  Who came the lost to seek and save,
Went humbly down from Jordan's shore
  To find a tomb beneath its wave.

2 "Thus it becomes us to fulfill
  All righteousness," he meekly said:
Why should we then to do his will
  Or be ashamed, or be afraid?

3 With thee into thy watery tomb,
  Lord, 'tis our glory to descend:
'Tis wondrous grace that gives us room
  To lie interred by such a friend.

4 Yet as the yielding waves give way
  To let us see the light again,
So, on the resurrection day,
  The bands of death prove weak and vain.

5 Thus, when thou shalt again appear,
  The gates of death shall open wide;
Our dust thy mighty voice shall hear
  And rise and triumph at thy side.

Stennett.

148. *Following Christ in Baptism.* 8s & 7s.

1 Humble souls, who seek salvation,
  Through the Lamb's redeeming blood,
Hear the voice of Revelation,
  Tread the path that Jesus trod;
Flee to him, your only Saviour,
  In his mighty name confide;
In the whole of your behavior,
  Own him as your sovereign guide.

2 Hear the bless'd Redeemer call you,
  Listen to his gracious voice;
Dread no ills that can befall you,
  While you make his ways your choice:
Jesus says, "Let each believer
  Be baptized in my name;"
He himself in Jordan's river
  Was immersed beneath the stream.

3 Plainly here his footsteps tracing,
  Follow him without delay;
Gladly his command embracing,
  Lo! your Captain leads the way:
View the rite with understanding,
  Jesus' grave before you lies;
Be interred at his commanding,
  After his example rise.

Tuttle.

149. *Same subject.* **C. M.**

1 Thus was the great Redeemer plunged
In Jordan's swelling flood,
To show he must be soon baptized
In tears, and sweat, and blood.

2 Thus was his sacred body laid
Beneath the yielding wave;
Thus was his sacred body raised
Out of the liquid grave.

3 Lord, we thy precepts would obey,
In thy own footsteps tread,
Would die, be buried, rise with thee,
Our ever-living Head.

Stennett.

150. *Delight in Obedience.* **C. M.**

1 O Lord, and will thy pardoning love
Embrace a wretch so vile?
Wilt thou my load of guilt remove,
And bless me with thy smile?

2 Hast thou the cross for me endured,
And all its shame despised?
And shall I be ashamed, O Lord,
With thee to be baptized?

3 Didst thou the great example lead,
In Jordan's swelling flood?
And shall my pride disdain the deed,
That's worthy of my God?

4 O Lord, the ardor of thy love
Reproves my cold delays;
And now my willing footsteps move
In thy delightful ways.

Fellows.

151. *Buried with Christ in Baptism.* 8s & 7s.

1 Jesus, mighty King in Sion!
Thou alone our guide shalt be!
Thy commission we rely on,
We would follow none but thee.

2 As an emblem of thy passion,
And thy victory o'er the grave,
We who know thy great salvation
Are baptized beneath the wave.

Fearless of the world's despising,
We the ancient path pursue;
Buried with our Lord, and rising
To a life divinely new.

152. *Christ's Example.* L. M.

1 Our Saviour bowed beneath the wave,
And meekly sought a watery grave:
Come, see the sacred path he trod—
A path well pleasing to our God.

2 His voice we hear, his footsteps trace,
And hither come to seek his face—
To do his will, to feel his love,
And join our songs with songs above.

3 Hosanna to the Lamb divine!
Let endless glories round him shine;
High o'er the heavens for ever reign,
O Lamb of God, for sinners slain.

Judson.

153. *Obedience to Christ.* C. M.

1 Lord, I am thine, and in thy aid
I place my firmest trust;
How large the price thy love has paid
For vile, polluted dust!

2 In thine assembly now I stand;
My vows to thee I bring,
Obedient to thy great command,
My Saviour and my King.

3 I stand before the sacred flood;
Thy gracious words invite:
How poor an offering, O my God,
I make thee in this rite!

4 Thine ordinance, great Saviour, bless;
Support me all my days;
May I each gospel truth confess,
And walk in all thy ways.

154. *Imitation of Christ.* L. M.

1 Come, happy souls, adore the Lamb,
Who loved our race ere time began,
Who veiled his Godhead in our clay,
And in an humble manger lay.

2 To Jordan's stream the Spirit led,
To mark the path his saints should tread;
With joy they trace the sacred way,
To see the place where Jesus lay.

3 Baptized by John in Jordan's wave,
The Saviour left his watery grave;
Heaven owned the deed, approv'd the way
And blessed the place where Jesus lay.

4 Come, all who love his precious name,
Come, tread his steps, and learn of him;
Happy beyond expression they
Who find the place where Jesus lay.

Baldwin.

155. *Faith's view of Baptism.* C. M.

1 From the still flood, where faith indeed
The Saviour's voice can hear,
Let each unhallowed foot recede
While she alone draws near.

2 To her dissolving eye revealed,
Fair shines the liquid grave
That Jesus' holy form concealed,
When humbled in the wave.

3 Taught by his dear expiring breath,
She bids her children come,
And take the image of his death,
Within the watery tomb.

4 Though but the semblance of his woes
Their prostrate bodies bear,
All the large bliss which from them flows,
Their glowing souls shall share!

5 Yes—ye who love his mystic grave
Shall brighter deeps explore,
Embosomed in the radiant wave
That rolls on glory's shore.

156. *The Baptismal Scene.* D. C. M.

[The following graphic description of a Baptismal scene, by the gifted Mrs. Sigourney, may be sung, if desired, to a D. C. M. tune. Its insertion here will be welcome to every lover of the beautiful and the true in nature and in grace.]

1 'Twas near the close of that blest day.
When, with melodious swell,
To crowded mart and lonely shade
Had spoke the Sabbath bell;
And on a broad, unruffled stream,
With bordering verdure bright,
The westering sunbeam richly shed
A tinge of crimson light—

2 When, lo! a solemn train appeared,
By their loved pastor led,
And sweetly rose the holy hymn,
As toward that stream they sped;
And he its cleaving, crystal breast,
With graceful movement, trod.
His stedfast eye upraised, to seek
Communion with his God.

3 Then, bending o'er his staff, approached
The willow-fringed shore,
A man of many weary years,
With furrowed temples hoar;
And faintly breathed his trembling lip,
"Behold! I fain would be
Buried in baptism with my Lord,
Ere death shall summon me."

4 With brow benign, like Him whose hand
Did wavering Peter guide,
The pastor bore his tottering frame
Through that translucent tide,
And plunged him 'neath the shrouding wave,
And spake the triune name.
And joy upon that withered face
In wondering radiance came.

5 And then advanced a lordly form,
In manhood's towering pride,
Who from the gilded snares of earth
Had wisely turned aside,
And, following in *His* steps who bowed
To Jordan's startled wave,
In deep humility of soul,
This faithful witness gave.

6 Who next? a fair and fragile form
In snowy robe doth move,
That tender beauty in her eye
That wakes the vow of love.
Yea, come, thou gentle one, and clothe
Thyself with strength divine:
This stern world hath a thousand darts
To vex a breast like thine.

7 Then, with a firm, unshrinking step,
The watery path she trod,
And gave, with woman's deathless trust,
Her being to her God;
And when, all dripping from the flood,
She rose, like lily's stem,
Methought that spotless brow might wear
An angel's diadem.

8 Yet more! yet more! how meek they bow
To their Redeemer's rite,
Then pass with music on their way,
Like joyous sons of light!
But, lingering on those shores, I stayed
Till every sound was hushed;
For hallowed musings o'er my soul
Like spring-swoln rivers rushed.

9 "'Tis better," said the voice within,
"To bear a Christian's cross,
Than sell this fleeting life for gold,
Which Death shall prove but dross:
Far better, when yon shrivelled skies
Are like a banner furled,
To share in Christ's reproach, than gain
The glory of the world."

Lydia H. Sigourney.

157. L. M.

Come, sacred Dove, in peace descend,
As once thou didst on Jordan's wave;
Now with this scene thine influence blend,
And hover o'er this solemn grave.

158. C. M.

Lord, meet us in this path of thine;
We come thy rite to seal;
Move o'er the waters, Dove divine,
And all thy grace reveal.

159. C. M.

Down to the hallowed grave we go,
Obedient to thy word;
'Tis thus the world around shall know
We 're buried with the Lord.

160. L. M.

We sink beneath thy mystic flood;
O, bathe us in thy cleansing blood!
We die to sin, and seek a grave,
With thee, beneath the yielding wave.

161. 8s, 7s & 4s.

Blest the sign which thus reminds me,
Saviour, of thy love for me;
But more blest the love that binds me
In its deathless bonds to thee:
O, what pleasure,
Buried with my Lord to be!

CONFERENCE HYMNS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

162. *The Soul thirsting for God.* C. M.

1 Early, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away
Without thy cheering grace.

2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink, or die.

3 I've seen thy glory and thy power
Through all thy temple shine;
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine.

4 Not all the blessings of a feast
Can please my soul so well,
As when thy richer grace I taste,
And in thy presence dwell.

Watts.

163. *A Blessing implored.* 7s.

1 Lord, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
O do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2 Lord, on thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee, here we stay,
Lord, we cannot let thee go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.

4 Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return;
Those that are cast down lift up;
Make them strong in faith and hope.

5 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a gracious God, and kind;
Heal the sick, the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in thee.

164. *A Revival implored.* 8s & 7s.

1 Saviour, visit thy plantation,
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain;
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again.
Keep no longer at a distance;
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest, for want of thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.

2 Surely once thy garden flourished,
Every plant looked gay and green;
Then thy word our spirits nourished:
Happy seasons we have seen!
Dearest Saviour, hasten hither,
Thou canst make them bloom again.
O permit them not to wither,
Let not all our hopes be vain!

3 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayers
Let each one, esteemed thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snares;
Break the tempter's fatal power,
Turn the stony heart to flesh,
And begin from this good hour
To revive thy work afresh.

165. *A Morning Prayer.* 7s.

1 Now the shades of night are gone;
Now is passed the early dawn:
Lord, we would be thine to-day—
Drive the shades of sin away.

2 Make our souls as noonday clear;
Banish every doubt and fear:
In thy vineyard, Lord, to-day,
We would labor, we would pray.

3 When our work of life is past,
O, receive us all at last!
Labor then will all be o'er;
Sin's dark night will be no more.

Occum, the Indian Preacher.

166. *Morning Prayer Meeting.* S. M

1 How sweet the melting lay,
Which breaks upon the ear,
When at the hour of rising day,
Christians unite in prayer!

2 May breezes waft our cries
Up to Jehovah's throne;
O Saviour, listen to our sighs,
And send thy blessing down!

167. *Praise and Prayer.* L. M.

1 Glory to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thine own almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ills which I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 O, may my soul on thee repose,
And with sweet sleep my eyelids close—
Sleep that may me more active make
To serve my God when I awake.

4 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
With joy behold the judgment day.

5 If in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

6 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Ken

168. *Sweet to sing of Christ.* 7s.

1 Sweet the time—exceeding sweet!
When the saints together meet,
When the Saviour is the theme,
When they join to sing of him.

2 Sing we then eternal love,
Such as did the Father move:
He beheld the world undone,
Loved the world—and gave his Son.

3 Sing the Son's amazing love;
How he left the realms above,
Took our nature and our place,
Lived and died to save our race.

4 Sing we too the Spirit's love;
With our wretched hearts he strove;
Filled our minds with grief and fear,
Brought the precious Saviour near.

5 Sweet the place—exceeding sweet,
Where the saints in glory meet!
Where the Saviour's still the theme,
Where they see and sing of him.

169. *What is Prayer?* C. M.

Air—All hail the power of Jesus' name.

1 Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Unuttered or expressed—
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold he prays."

3 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watch-word at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

4 Prayer is not made on earth alone—
The Holy Spirit pleads;
And Jesus on the eternal throne,
For sinners intercedes.

5 O thou by whom we come to God—
The life, the truth, the way!
The path of prayer thyself hast trod—
Lord, teach us how to pray!

Montgomery

170. *The Prayer Meeting.* L. M.

1 "Where two or three, with sweet accord,
Obedient to their sovereign Lord,
Meet to recount his acts of grace,
And offer solemn prayer and praise;—

2 "There," says the Saviour, "will I be,
Amid this little company;
To them unveil my smiling face,
And shed my glories round the place."

3 We meet at thy command, dear Lord,
Relying on thy faithful word:
Now send thy Spirit from above,
Now fill our hearts with heavenly love.

S. Stennett.

171. *Same subject.* P. M.

1 Where two or three together meet,
My love and mercy to repeat,
And tell what I have done:
There will I be, saith God, to bless,
And every burdened soul redress,
Who worships at my throne.

2 Make one in this assembly, Lord,
Speak to each heart some cheering word,
To set the spirit free;
Impart a kind, celestial shower,
And grant that we may spend an hour
In fellowship with thee.

172. *Breathing after the Holy Spirit.* C. M.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove
With all thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look, how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord! and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee?
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers—
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

Watts

173. *Prayer for the Spirit.* L. M.

Air—When marshaled on the nightly plain.

1 At anchor laid, remote from home,
Toiling, I cry, "Sweet Spirit, come!
Celestial breeze, no longer stay,
But swell my sails, and speed my way.

2 "Fain would I mount, fain would I glow,
And loose my cable from below;
But I can only spread my sail,
Thou, thou must breathe the auspicious gale."

174. *The Mercy-seat.* L. M.

Air—When marshaled on the nightly plain.

1 From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat—
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place, of all on earth most sweet—
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far—by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there, on eagle-wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more,
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

Stowell.

175. *Signs of Revival.* 7s.

1 Saw ye not the cloud arise,
Little as a human hand!
Now it spreads along the skies,
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land.

2 Lo, the promise of a shower
Drops already from above;
But the Lord will shortly pour
All the blessings of his love.

3 When he first the work begun,
Small and feeble was its day;
Now the word doth swiftly run,
Now it wins its widening way.

4 Sons of God, your Saviour praise;
He the door hath opened wide;
He hath given the word of grace;
Jesus' word is glorified.

Nettleton.

176. *Prayer, sweet Prayer.*

Air—Sweet Home.

1 When torn is the bosom by sorrow or care,
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer;
It eases, soothes, softens, subdues, yet sustains,
Gives vigor to hope, and puts passion in chains.
Prayer, prayer, O sweet prayer,
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer.

2 When far from the friends we hold dearest, we part,
What fond recollections still cling to the heart!
Past converse, past scenes, past enjoyments are there;
O how hurtfully pleasing till hallowed by prayer!
Prayer, prayer, &c.

3 When pleasure would woo us from piety's arms,
The siren sings sweetly, or silently charms;
We listen, love, loiter, are caught in the snare—
But, looking to Jesus, we conquer by prayer.
Prayer, prayer, &c.

4 While strangers to prayer, we are strangers to bliss;
Heaven pours its full streams through no medium but this;
And till we the seraph's full extasy share,
Our chalice of joy must be guarded by prayer.
Prayer, prayer, O sweet prayer,
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer.

Ann Lutton.

177. "*I will arise and go unto my Father.*"

1 When burdened is my breast,
  When friendless seems my lot,
When earth affords no rest,
  And refuge I have not:
Father! if thou wilt suffer me,
I will arise and come to thee.

2 When conscience thunders loud,
  When sins in dread array
Upon my memory crowd,
  And fill me with dismay;
Yet glancing once on Calvary,
Father! I'll rise and come to thee.

3 And if I am a child,
  But have backslidden still,
And filled with projects wild,
  Have followed my own will;
Yet penitent, resolved I'll be,
Father! to rise and come to thee.

4 And thou in love wilt turn
  To thy poor rebel child;
Nor let thine anger burn,
  Though sin my heart beguiled:
Thy voice shall greet me graciously,
"Arise! arise! and come to me."

Elizabeth.

178. *Salvation.* C. M.

1 Salvation! O, the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

Watts.

179. *Rock smitten; or, the Rock of Ages.* 7s.

1 Rock of Ages, shelter me!
Let me hide myself in thee!
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure;
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfill thy law's demands:
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone:
Thou must save, and thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress;
Helpless, look to thee for grace:
Rock of Ages, shelter me!
Let me hide myself in thee!

Toplady.

180. *Ye Prisoners of Hope.*

1 Ye prisoners of hope, o'erwhelmed with grief
To Jesus look up for certain relief;
There's no condemnation in Jesus the Lord,
But strong consolation his grace doth afford.

2 Then dry up your tears, ye children of grief,
For Jesus appears to give you relief:
If you are returning to Jesus, your friend,
Your sighing and mourning in singing shall end.

3 "None will I cast out who come," saith the Lord,
Why, then, do you doubt? lay hold of his word;
Ye mourners of Zion, be bold to believe;
For ever rely on your Saviour, and live.

181. *Yet there is room.* H. M.

1 Ye dying sons of men,
  Immerged in sin and wo,
The gospel's voice attend,
  While Jesus sends to you;
Ye perishing and guilty, come—
In Jesus' arms there yet is room.

2 No longer now delay,
  Nor vain excuses frame;
He bids you come to-day,
  Though poor, and blind, and lame;
All things are ready, sinner come,
For every trembling soul there's room.

3 Believe the heavenly word,
  His messengers proclaim;
He is a gracious Lord,
  And faithful is his name:
Backsliding souls, return and come,
Cast off despair, there yet is room.

4 Compelled by bleeding love,
  Ye wandering sheep, draw near;
Christ calls you from above,
  His charming accents hear!
Let whosoever will now come,
In mercy's breast there still is room.

182. *Hasten, O Sinner.* L. M.

1 Hasten, O sinner, *to be wise*,
And stay not for the morrow's sun!
The longer wisdom you despise,
The harder is she to be won.

2 O hasten *mercy to implore*,
And stay not for the morrow's sun,
For fear thy season should be o'er
Before this evening's stage be run.

3 O hasten, sinner, *to return*,
And stay not for the morrow's sun,
For fear thy lamp should fail to burn
Before the needful work is done.

4 O hasten, sinner, *to be blest*,
And stay not for the morrow's sun,
For fear the curse should thee arrest
Before the morrow is begun.

5 O Lord, do thou the sinner turn!
Now rouse him from his senseless state!
O let him not thy counsel spurn,
Nor rue his fatal choice too late!

183. *Come, 'tis Jesus' invitation.*

1 Come—'tis Jesus' invitation—
Now to mourning souls addressed;
Why, O why such hesitation?
Mourners, he will give you rest.
Sinners, can you hate, &c.

2 Do ye fear your own unfitness,
Burdened as ye are with sin?
'Tis the Holy Spirit's witness—
Christ invites you, enter in.
Sinners, can you hate, &c.

3 He will give—we ne'er can merit—
Perfect peace and heavenly rest;
What a treasure we inherit!
How are contrite sinners blest!
Sinners, can you hate, &c.

184. *Delay not.*

Air—Sweet Afton.

1 Delay not, delay not, O sinner draw near!
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
No price is demanded, the Saviour is here;
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

2 Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus, thy God?
A fountain is opened, how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in his pardoning blood.

3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,
For mercy still lingers, and calls thee to-day;
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb;
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.

4 Delay not, delay not, the hour is at hand;
The earth shall dissolve and the heavens shall fade;
The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall stand:
What power then, O sinner! shall lend thee its aid?

185. *Return, O Wanderer.*

1 Return, O wanderer, return!
And seek thy Father's face;
These new desires, which in thee burn,
Were kindled by his grace.

2 Return, O wanderer, now return!
He hears thy humble sigh;
He sees thy softened spirit mourn,
When no one else is nigh.

3 Return, O wanderer, now return!
Thy Saviour bids thee live;
Go to his feet, and grateful learn
How freely he'll forgive.

4 Return, O wanderer, now return!
And wipe the falling tear;
Thy Father calls, no longer mourn;
'Tis love invites thee near.

186. *The Broad Road.* L. M.

1 Broad is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there;
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveler.

2 "Deny thyself, and take thy cross,"
Is the Redeemer's great command;
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heavenly land.

3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteemed almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.

4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain,
Create my heart entirely new,
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which false apostates never knew.

Watts.

187. *Safely only at the Cross.*

1 Go, you that rest upon the law,
And toil and seek salvation there;
Look to the flame that Moses saw,
And shrink, and tremble, and despair;

2 But I'll retire beneath the cross;
Saviour, at thy dear feet I'll lie,
And the keen sword that justice draws,
Flaming and red, shall pass me by.

188. *The Jubilee.* 6s & 8s.

1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly, solemn sound!
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by his blood
Through all the lands proclaim:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive;
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pardoning grace;
Ye happy souls, draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

5 Jesus, our great High-priest,
Has full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad!
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
Toplady.

189. *Prayer for Children.* S. M.

1 Thou God of sovereign grace,
In mercy now appear;
We long to see thy smiling face,
And feel that thou art near.

2 Our children take to-day,
O Shepherd of thy flock!
And wash the stains of guilt away
Beside the smitten rock.

3 Thy saving health impart,
O Comforter divine;
Now make these children pure in heart,
Make them entirely thine.

4 To-day in love descend,
O come this precious hour!
In mercy now their spirits bend
By thy resistless power.

190. *Youth invited to Christ.*

1 Ye hearts, with youthful vigor warm,
To Jesus now draw near,
And turn from every mortal charm,
A Saviour's voice to hear.

2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
Stoops to converse with you,
And lays his radiant glories by,
Your welfare to pursue.

3 "The soul who longs to see my face,
Is sure my love to gain;
And those who early seek my grace,
Shall never seek in vain."

5 What object, Lord, my soul should move,
If once compared with thee?
What beauty should command my love,
Like what in Christ I see?

5 Away, ye false, delusive toys,
Vain tempters of the mind!
'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,
And here true bliss I find.

Doddridge.

191. *Maternal Wishes.* C. M.

1 Great God, we would to thee make known
Each fond maternal care;
For this we come before thy throne,
And bring our children near.

2 We ask not riches, honor, fame,
Or aught the world can give;
May they but glorify thy name,
And for thy kingdom live.

3 This is the burthen of our prayer—
And when from us they're riven,
May they be objects of thy care,
And heirs at last of heaven.

192. *The Pleasures of Religion.* 7s.

1 'Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live;
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.

2 After death, its joys will be
Lasting as eternity!
Be the living God my friend,
Then my bliss shall never end.

193. *Children invited to Christ.* C. M.

1 See Israel's gentle shepherd stand,
With all engaging charms;
Hark, how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms!

2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came."

3 We bring them, Lord, by fervent prayer,
And yield them up to thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be!

Doddridge.

194. *Compassion for Sinners.* S. M.

1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep?
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears
The wondering angels see;
Be thou astonished, O my soul!
He shed those tears for thee!

3 He wept, that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear:
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

195. *Way to Canaan.* L. M.

Air—Poor wayfaring man.

1 Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon!
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.
The way the holy prophets went—
The road that leads from banishment—
The King's highway of holiness—
I'll go; for all his paths are peace.

2 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief and burden long has been,
Because I could not cease from sin.
The more I strove against its power,
I sinned and stumbled but the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul, *I am the way.*"

3 Lo, glad I come! and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee as I am!
My sinful self to thee I give:
Nothing but love shall I receive.
Then will I tell to sinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God."

Cennick.

196. *Importunity in Prayer.* 7s.

1 Lord, I cannot let thee go,
Till a blessing thou bestow:
Do not turn away thy face;
Mine's an urgent, pressing case.

2 Dost thou ask me who I am?
Ah! my Lord, thou knowest my name:
Yet the question gives a plea
To support my suit with thee.

3 [Thou didst once a wretch behold,
In rebellion blindly bold,
Scorn thy grace, thy power defy;
That poor rebel, Lord, was I.]

4 Once a sinner, near despair,
Sought thy mercy-seat by prayer;
Mercy heard and set him free;
Lord, that mercy came to me.

5 Many days have passed since then,
Many changes I have seen;
Yet have been upheld till now;
Who could hold me up but thou?

6 Thou hast helped in every need;
This emboldens me to plead:
After so much mercy past,
Canst thou let me sink at last?

7 No, I must maintain my hold;
'Tis thy goodness makes me bold;
I can no denial take,
When I plead for Jesus' sake.

Newton.

197. *Pity for a Lost World.* L. M.

1 Arise, my tenderest thoughts, arise;
To torrents melt my streaming eyes;
And thou, my heart, with anguish feel
Those evils which thou canst not heal.

2 See human nature, sunk in shame;
See scandals poured on Jesus' name;
The Father wounded through the Son;
The world abused; the soul undone.

3 My God, I feel the mournful scene;
My bowels yearn o'er dying men;
And fain my pity would reclaim,
And snatch the firebrands from the flame.

4 But feeble my compassion proves,
And can but weep where most it loves;
Thy own all-saving arm employ,
And turn these drops of grief to joy.

Doddridge.

198. *The Ebenezer Hymn.* 8s & 7s.

1 Come, thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy never ceasing
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—O fix me on it,
Mount of God's unchanging love.

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to save my soul from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3 O, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee!
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,
Seal it from thy courts above.

Robinson.

199. *Rapid Flight of Time.* P. M.

1 My days, my weeks, my months, my years,
Fly rapid as the whirling spheres
Around the steady pole;
Time, like the tide, its motion keeps,
And I must launch through endless deeps,
Where ceaseless ages roll.

2 The grave is near the cradle seen—
How swift the moments pass between,
And whisper as they fly,
"Unthinking man, remember this,
Though fond of sublunary bliss,
Yet thou must shortly die."

3 My soul, attend the solemn call,
Thine earthly tent ere long must fall,
And thou must take thy flight;
Beyond the vast expansive blue,
To sing above as angels do,
Or sink in endless night.

4 How great the bliss, how great the wo
Hangs on this inch of time below,
On this precarious breath;
My God, my Saviour only knows,
Whether another year shall close,
Ere I expire in death.

5 A heaven or hell, and these alone,
Beyond the present life are known;
There is no middle space:
To-day attend the call divine,
To-morrow may be none of thine,
Or it may be too late.

200. *The New-Year Prayer Meeting.*

1 Come, let us anew our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till our Master appear.
His adorable will let us gladly fulfill,
And our talents improve
By the patience of hope and the labor of love.

2 Our life as a dream, our time as a stream,
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay;
The arrow is flown, the moment is gone:
The millenial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

3 O that each, in the day of His coming, may say,
"I have fought my way through,
I have finished the work thou didst give me to do!"
O that each from his Lord may receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done!
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne."

201. *New Year's Day.* 7s.

1 While, with ceaseless course, the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here:
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below:
We a little longer wait,
But how little none can know.

2 As the winged arrow flies,
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind;—
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream:
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise;
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us, henceforth, how to live,
With eternity in view;
Bless thy word to old and young;
Fill us with a Saviour's love:
When our life's short race is run,
May we dwell with thee above.

Newton.

202. *Prayer for the New Year.* L. M.

1 Great God, we sing that mighty hand,
By which supported still we stand:
The opening year thy mercy shows,
Let mercy crown it till it close.

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.

3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.

4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Be thou our joy, and thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

5 When death shall interrupt these songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our helper, God, in whom we trust,
In better worlds our souls shall boast

203. *Saturday Evening.* 7s.

1 Safely through another week,
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek
On the approaching Sabbath day:
Day of all the week the best!
Emblem of eternal rest!

2 While we pray for pardoning grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciled face,
Shine away our sin and shame:
From our worldly care set free,
May we rest this night with thee!

3 When the morn shall bid us rise,
May we feel thy presence near;
May thy glory meet our eyes
When we in thy house appear.
There afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May thy gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints,
Make the fruits of grace abound—
Bring relief to all complaints!
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above!

204. *Lord's-day Morning.* C. M.

1 When the worn spirit wants repose,
And sighs her God to seek;
How sweet to hail the evening's close
That ends the weary week!

2 How sweet to hail the early dawn
That opens on the sight,
When first the soul-reviving morn
Beams its new rays of light!

3 Sweet day! thine hours too soon will cease;
Yet, while they gently roll,
Breathe, Holy Spirit, Source of peace,
A Sabbath o'er my soul!

4 When will my pilgrimage be done,
The world's long week be o'er;
That Sabbath dawn which needs no sun,
That day which fades no more?

Edmeston.

205. *Review of the Sabbath.* L. M.

1 Lord, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship thee;
At once they sing, at once they pray;
They hear of heaven, and learn the way.

2 I have been there, and still would go;
'Tis like a little heaven below;
Not all that hell or sin can say,
Shall tempt me to forget this day.

3 O write upon my memory, Lord,
The texts and doctrine of thy word!
That I may break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before.

4 With thoughts of Christ and things divine
Fill up this foolish heart of mine;
That, hoping pardon through his blood,
I may lie down and wake with God.

Watts.

206. *The Eternal Sabbath.* L. M.

1 Thine earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our laboring souls aspire,
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor death, shall reach the place;
No groans shall mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.

3 No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares shall break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

4 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our laboring souls aspire,
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

207. *Praise to the Redeemer.* C. M.

1 Plunged in a gulf of dark despair
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful gleam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief,
He saw, and O, amazing love!
He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste he fled,
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 O for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak!

5 Angels, assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold!
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

Watts.

208. *Christ the Sinner's Refuge.* 7s.

1 Jesus! lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll—
While the tempest still is high!
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past!
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last!

2 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
All in All, in thee, I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick and lead the blind:
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am—
Thou art full of truth and grace.

3 Other refuge have I none—
Hangs my helpless soul on thee!
Leave, ah leave me not alone!
Still support and comfort me!
All my *trust* on thee is stayed;
All my *help* from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

209. *Choosing the Better Part.* L. M.

1 Beset with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand;
Sav.our divine! diffuse thy light
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

2 Engage this roving, treacherous heart
To fix on Mary's better part;
To scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that none can take away.

3 If thou, my Jesus, still be nigh,
Cheerful I live, and joyful die;
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

Doddridge.

210. *The Penitent Inquirer.* 7s.

1 Depth of mercy!—can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear,
And the chief of sinners spare?

2 I have long withstood his grace;
Long provoked him to his face;
Would not hear his gracious calls;
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 Jesus, answer from above:
Is not all thy nature love?
Wilt thou not the wrong forget?—
Lo, I fall before thy feet.

4 Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my fall lament;
Deeply my revolt deplore;
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

C. Wesley.

211. *The Penitent's Prayer.* C. M.

1 Prostrate, dear Jesus, at thy feet,
A guilty rebel lies;
And upward to thy mercy-seat,
Presumes to lift his eyes.

2 If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping eyes,
In ceaseless torrents flow.

3 But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt;
No tears but those which thou hast shed,
No blood, but thou hast spilt.

4 I plead thy sorrows, dearest Lord—
Do thou my sins forgive;
Thy justice will approve the word,
That bids the sinner live.

Stennett

212. *Pardoning Love.* C. M.

1 How oft, alas! this wretched heart
Has wandered from the Lord!
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word!

2 Yet sovereign mercy calls, "Return;"
Dear Lord, and may I come?
My vile ingratitude I mourn;
O take the wanderer home!

3 And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove?
And shall a pardoned rebel live
To speak thy wondrous love?

4 Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,
Blest Saviour, I adore;
O, keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more!

213. *Repentance and Faith in Christ.* C. M.

1 O God of mercy, hear my call!
My load of guilt remove;
Break down this separating wall
That bars me from thy love.

2 Give me the presence of thy grace,
Then my rejoicing tongue
Shall speak aloud thy righteousness,
And make thy praise my song.

3 No blood of goats, nor heifer slain,
For sin could e'er atone;
The death of Christ shall still remain
Sufficient and alone.

4 A soul oppressed with sin's desert,
My God will ne'er despise;
An humble groan, a broken heart,
Is our best sacrifice.

214. *Asking the Way to Zion.* C. M

1 Inquire, ye pilgrims, for the way
That leads to Zion's hill,
And thither set your steady face,
With a determined will.

2 Invite the strangers all around,
Your pious march to join;
And spread the sentiments you feel,
Of faith and love divine.

3 O come, and join your souls to God,
In everlasting bands;
Accept the blessings he bestows,
With thankful hearts and hands.

Doddridge.

215. *Faith in Christ our Sacrifice.* S. M.

1 Not all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

Watts.

216. *Remember me.* **C. M.**

1 Jesus, my advocate on high,
I yield myself to thee;
While thou art sitting on thy throne
O Lord! remember me.
Remember me, remember me,
Dear Lord, remember me.

2 I own I'm guilty, own I'm vile,
Yet thy salvation's free;
Then, in thy all abounding grace,
O Lord! remember me.
Remember me, &c.

3 Howe'er forsaken or distressed,
Howe'er oppressed I be;
Howe'er afflicted here on earth,
Do thou remember me.
Remember me, &c.

4 And when I close my eyes in death,
And creature helps all flee;
Then, O my great Redeemer God,
I pray remember me.
Remember me, remember me,
Dear Lord remember me.

217. *The Joy of Conversion.* C. M.

When God revealed his gracious name
And changed my mournful state,
My rapture seemed a pleasing dream,
The grace appeared so great.

The world beheld the glorious change,
And did thy hand confess;
My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
And sung surprising grace.

"Great is the work," my neighbors cried,
And owned thy power divine;
"Great is the work," my heart replied,
"And be the glory thine."

The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night,
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.

Let those that sow in sadness wait
Till the fair harvest come;
They shall confess their sheaves are great,
And shout the blessings home.

Though seed lie buried long in dust,
It sha'n't deceive their hope;
The precious grain can ne'er be lost,
For grace ensures the crop.

Watts.

218. *The Sinner welcomed to the Ark—to the Church—to Heaven.*

1 The weary dove in search of rest,
O'er the wide waste of waters flew,
Yet found it not till, most distressed,
The welcome ark appeared in view;
There Noah raised its drooping wing,
And said, "poor wand'ring dove come in."

2 Thus mingling with the vain and gay,
Ye sought for rest, though all was dark,
Till mercy met you on the way,
And smiling spake of Christ the Ark.
Ye turned, and heard a voice within,
That said, "poor wand'ring ones come in."

3 Joyful, ye hearkened to that voice
Of mercy to the stricken soul,
It bade your mourning hearts rejoice,
And made your wounded spirits whole.
We, too, the welcome now begin,
"Ye blessed of the Lord come in."

4 Come taste the feast of heavenly love,
The Church with gladness bids you come;
We soon shall meet in heaven above,
The wanderer's rest, the pilgrim's home;
Shall hear with joy the angels sing,
"Ye ransomed of the Lord come in."

 J. Dowling.

219. *Redeeming Love.* **7s.**

1 Now begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' name!
Ye who his salvation prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Ye who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Canceled by redeeming love.

4 Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing slaves to death and sin,
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop, and taste redeeming love.

5 Welcome all, by sin opprest,
Welcome to his sacred rest;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

6 Hither, then, your music bring,
Strike aloud each cheerful string;
Mortals, join the host above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

220. *Not ashamed of Christ.* L. M.

Air—A poor wayfaring man of grief.

1 Jesus! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee!
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days.

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon;
'Tis midnight with my soul, till he,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend;
No, when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

5 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain!
And O, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

Gregg.

221. *Hymn to Jesus.*

1 O Son of God! thy children we,
Train us in holiness;
As thou the Father's image bore,
Thine own on us impress.

2 O Love of God! we seek to dwell
In love, and God, and Thee:
The end of wo, the end of sin,
Shall Love's perfection be.

3 Light of the World! our path illume,
The shadowy fear disperse;
Shine on these realms of wo and sin,
Undo the heavy curse.

4 Water of Life! our life's sweet spring,
In us thy stream renew;
On lowly ones thy grace distil,
Kindly as Hermon's dew.

5 O Shepherd! guard thy little flock—
Keep us from strife and guile;
Serene our life; be our life's close
Calm as a summer isle.

222. *The Blood of Christ.* C. M.

1 There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there would I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear, dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

6 Lord, I believe thou hast prepared—
Unworthy though I be—
For me a blood-bought, free reward—
A golden harp for me.

7 'Tis strung, and tuned for endless years,
And formed by Power Divine,
To sound in God the Father's ears
No other name but thine.

Cowper.

223. *The teaching of Jesus.* L. M

Air—When marshaled on the nightly plain.

1 How sweetly flowed the gospel sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When list'ning thousands gath'ring round,
The voice of Jesus filled the place!
From heaven he came—of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling one immortal day.

2 "Come, wanderers, to my father's home,
Come, all ye weary ones and rest!"
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.
Now to the Lord who makes us know,
The wonders of his dying love,
Be humble honors paid below,
And strains of nobler praise above.

Bowring.

224. *The Name of Jesus.* C. M.

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear;
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 Dear name! the Rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasury filled
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

5 Till then I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath,
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

Newton.

225. *The Christian's Comfort.*

1 Religion, what a glorious treasure .
Filling our hearts with joy and love—
Affording peace and consolation,
It lifts our thoughts to things above.
It calms our fears, it soothes our sorrows,
It smooths our way o'er life's rough sea,
Enkindling patience and holy virtue—
This heavenly portion mine shall be.

2 My flesh and blood shall be dissolved,
And mortal life shall soon be o'er,
All earthly cares and earthly sorrows,
Will vex my heart and eyes no more;
But pure religion abides for ever,
And my glad heart shall strengthen'd be;
While endless ages are onward rolling,
This heavenly portion mine shall be.

3 How vain, how fleeting, how transitory,
This world with all its gaudy show,
Its vain delights and deceitful pleasures—
I gladly leave them all below.
But grace and glory shall be my story,
Since I in Jesus such beauties see;
While endless ages are onward rolling,
This heavenly portion mine shall be.

226. *The Family Bible.* 12s & 11s.

Air—The Old Oaken Bucket.

1 How painfully pleasing the fond recollection
Of youthful emotions and innocent joy,
When blessed with parental advice and affection,
Surrounded with mercies, with peace from on high!
I still view the chair of my father and mother,
The seats of their offspring as ranged on each hand,
And that richest book which excels every other,
The family Bible which lay on the stand.
The old-fashioned Bible, the dear blessed Bible,
The family Bible, that lay on the stand.

2 That Bible, the volume of God's inspiration,
At morn and at evening could yield us delight;
The prayer of our sire was a sweet invocation
For mercy by day and for safety through night.
Our hymns of thanksgiving with harmony swelling,
All warm from the heart of a family band,
Half raised us from earth to that rapturous dwelling,
Described in the Bible that lay on the stand.
The old-fashioned Bible, &c.

3 Ye scenes of tranquillity, long have we parted,
My hopes almost gone, and my parents no more;
In sorrow and sadness I live broken-hearted,
And wander unknown on a far-distant shore.
Yet how can I doubt my Redeemer's protection,
Forgetful of gifts from his bountiful hand?
O, let me, with patience, receive his correction,
And think of the Bible that lay on the stand.
The old-fashioned Bible, &c.

227. *Blind Bartimeus.* 8s & 7s.

1 "Mercy, O thou son of David!"
Thus the blind Bartimeus prayed,
"Others by thy word are saved,
Now to me afford thine aid."

2 Many for his crying chid him,
But he called the louder still;
Till the gracious Saviour bid him,
"Come and ask me what you will."

3 Money was not what he wanted,
Though by begging used to live;
But he asked, and Jesus granted,
Alms which none but he could give.

4 "Lord, remove this grievous blindness,
Let my eyes behold the day!"
Straight he saw, and won by kindness,
Followed Jesus in the way.

5 O! methinks I hear him praising,
Publishing to all around;
"Friends, is not my case amazing?
What a Saviour I have found!

6 O! that all the blind but knew him,
And would be advised by me!
Surely they would hasten to him,
He would cause them all to see."

Newton.

228. *I sing of Calvary.*

Tune—Carmarthen New.

1 Down from the willow bough
My slumbering harp I'll take,
And bid its silent strings
To heavenly themes awake:
How peaceful should its breathings be,
Dear Saviour, when I sing of thee.

2 Love, Love on earth appears!
The wretched throng his way;
He beareth all their griefs,
And wipes their tears away:
How soft and sweet the strain should be,
Whene'er I sing of Calvary.

3 He saw me as he passed,
In hopeless sorrow lie,
Condemned and doomed to death,
And no salvation nigh:
O, long and loud the strain should be,
Whene'er I sing his 'ove to me!

4 "I die for thee," he said—
Behold the cross arise!
And lo! He bows his head—
He bows his head and dies!
Soft, soft, my harp, thy breathings be,
Here let me weep on Calvary.

5 *He lives! again He lives!*
I hear the voice of Love—
He comes to soothe my fears.
And draw my soul above:
O joyful now the strain should be,
When thus I sing of Calvary.

Mrs. Southey.

229. *Christ a Friend.* 8s & 7s.

1 One there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly—free—and knows no end.
Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But this Saviour died to have us
Reconciled in him to God.

2 When he lived on earth abased,
FRIEND OF SINNERS was his name;
Now, above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same.
O for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above.

Newton.

230. *The Spiritual Voyage.* 6s & 8s.

1 Jesus, at thy command
I launch into the deep,
And leave my native land
Where sin lulls all asleep:
For thee I fain would all resign,
And sail to heaven with thee and thine.

2 What though the seas are broad?
What though the waves are strong?
What though tempestuous winds
Distress me all along?
Yet what are seas, or stormy wind,
Compared to Christ, the sinner's friend?

3 Christ is my pilot wise,
My compass is his word;
My soul each storm defies,
While I have such a Lord:
I trust his faithfulness and power
To save me in the trying hour.

4 Though rocks and quicksands deep
Through all my passage lie,
Yet Christ will safely keep
And guide me with his eye!
How can I sink with such a prop,
That bears the world and all things up

5 By faith I see the land,
Haven of endless rest:
My soul, thy wings expand,
And fly to Jesus' breast.
O may I reach the heavenly shore,
Where winds and seas distress no more!

6 Whene'er becalmed I lie,
And all my storms subside,
Then to my succor fly.
And keep me near thy side;
For more the treacherous calm I dread,
Than tempests bursting o'er my head.

7 Come, heavenly wind, and blow
A prosperous gale of grace;
And waft me from below
To heaven, my destined place:
Then in full sail my port I'll find.
And leave the world and sin behind.

Toplady.

231. *Rejoicing in God.* C. M.

1 Awake my heart, arise my tongue,
Prepare a tuneful voice;
In God, the life of all my joys,
Aloud will I rejoice.

2 'Tis he adorned my naked soul,
And made salvation mine;
Upon a poor polluted worm
He makes his graces shine.

3 And lest the shadow of a spot
Should on my soul be found,
He took the robe the Saviour wrought,
And cast it all around.

4 The Spirit wrought my faith and love,
And hope, and every grace;
But Jesus spent his life to work
The robe of righteousness.

5 Strangely, my soul, art thou arrayed
By the great Sacred Three:
In sweetest harmony of praise
Let all thy powers agree. *Watts.*

232. *Crucifixion to the World by the Cross.* L.M.

1 When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

3 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

233. *Praise to Jesus.* 8s & 7s.

1 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide!
All the heavenly host adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side:
There for sinners thou art pleading;
There thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

2 Worship, honor, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give:
Help, ye bright angelic spirits!
Bring your sweetest noblest lays!
Help to sing our Saviour's merits;
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

234. *Jesus—precious to them that believe.* C. M

1 Jesus, I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That earth and heaven might hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul!
My transport and my trust;
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish,
In thee doth richly meet;
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
Or friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,
And shed its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

5 I'll speak the honors of thy name
With my last laboring breath;
And, dying, clasp thee in my arms—
The antidote of death.

Doddridge.

235. *Christ, the Sinner's Substitute.*

1 Christ saw the sinner stand
Exposed to endless wo,
And Justice did command
To strike the fatal blow.
He stepped between us and our God,
Received the blow and spilt His blood.

2 My soul adores that love—
So boundless, yet so free—
Which did his pity move
To ransom worms like me.
O, may my life to others tell
That Jesus saved my soul from hell.

Mrs Baxter.

236. *Contemplation of Death.* C. M.

1 Jesus, the visions of thy face
Have overpowering charms;
Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,
If Christ be in my arms.

2 Then, while you hear my heart-strings break,
How sweet the minutes roll;
A mortal paleness on my cheek,
But glory in my soul.

3 Death cannot make my soul afraid,
If God be with me there;
Soft is the passage through the shade,
And all the prospect fair.

4 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand drest in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

5 There everlasting spring abides
And never-fading flowers—
Death, like a narrow stream, divides
That heavenly land from ours.

6 When shall my happy soul arise
To that bright world above,
And view with unbeclouded eyes,
The Canaan which I love.

7 Clasped in my heavenly Father's arms,
I would forget to breathe,
And lose my life amid the charms
Of so divine a death.

237. *The description of Christ the Beloved.*

1 The wondering world inquires to know
Why I should love my Jesus so:
"What are his charms," say they, "above
The objects of a mortal love?"

2 Yes, my beloved, to my sight,
Shows a sweet mixture, red and white;
All human beauties, all divine,
In my beloved meet and shine.

3 White is his soul, from blemish free;
Red with the blood he shed for me;
The fairest of ten thousand fairs,
A sun amongst ten thousand stars.

4 All over glorious is my Lord,
Must be beloved and yet adored;
His worth, if all the nations knew,
Sure, the whole earth would love him too

Watts.

238. *I am weary.*

Air—Bower of Prayer.

1 I am weary of straying—O fain would I rest
In the far distant land of the pure and the blest,
Where sin can no longer her blandishments spread,
And tears and temptations for ever are fled.

2 I am weary of hoping, where hope is untrue;
As fair, but as fleeting as morning's bright dew.
I long for that land whose blest promise alone
Is changeless and sure as eternity's throne.

3 I am weary of sighing o'er sorrows of earth;
O'er joy's glowing visions, that fade at their birth;
O'er the pangs of the loved, which we cannot assuage;
O'er the blightings of youth and the weakness of age.

4 I am weary of loving what passes away;
The sweetest, the dearest, alas, may not stay!
I long for that land where those partings are o'er,
And death and the tomb can divide hearts no more.

5 I am weary, my Saviour, of grieving thy love;
O when shall I rest in thy presence above!
I am weary—but O never let me repine,
While thy word, and thy love, and thy promise are mine.

239. *The Christian's Walk.*

Tune—Portuguese Hymn.

1 Christian! walk carefully—danger is near;
Work out thy journey with trembling and fear;
Snares from without, and temptations within,
Seek to entice thee again into sin.

2 Christian! walk humbly—exult not in pride;
All that thou hast is by Jesus supplied;
He holdeth thee up, he directeth thy ways,
To him be the glory—to him be the praise.

3 Christian! walk cheerfully, though the dark storm
Fill the bright sky with the clouds of alarm:
Soon will the clouds and the tempest be past,
And thou shalt dwell with thy Saviour at last.

4 Christian! walk steadfastly, while it is light;
Swift are approaching the shades of the night:
All that thy Master hath bidden thee do,
Haste to perform, for the moments are few.

5 Christian! walk prayerfully—oft wilt thou fall,
If thou forget on thy Saviour to call:
Safe shalt thou walk through each trial and care,
If thou art clad in the armor of prayer.

Christian! walk joyfully—trouble and pain
Cease when the haven of rest thou dost gain;
This thy bright glory, and this thy reward,
"Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!"

240. *Pilgrims' Praises.* **S. M.**

Tune—Silver Street.

Your harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take;
Loud, to the praise of Love divine,
Bid every string awake.
Praise ye the Lord, hallelujah,
Praise ye the Lord, hallelujah,
Hallelujah, hallelujah,
Praise ye the Lord.

Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home,
And nearer to our house above,
We every moment come.
Praise ye the Lord, &c.

His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.
Praise ye the Lord, &c.

Toplady.

241. *Doubts and Fears.* 7s.

1 'Tis a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought—
Do I love the Lord, or no?
Am I his, or am I not?

2 If I love, why am I thus?
Why this dull and lifeless frame?
Hardly, sure, can they be worse,
Who have never heard his name.

3 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mixed with all I do;
You that love the Lord indeed,
Tell me, is it thus with you?

4 Yet I mourn my stubborn will—
Find my sin a grief and thrall:
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?

5 Lord, decide the doubtful case!
Thou, who art thy people's Sun,
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.

6 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray!
If I have not loved before,
Help me to begin to-day. *Newton.*

242. *Is mine a Contrite Heart?* C. M.

1 The Lord will happiness divine
On contrite hearts bestow;
Then tell me, gracious God, is mine
A contrite heart, or no?

2 I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
Insensible as steel:
If aught is felt, 'tis only pain
To find I cannot feel.

3 My best desires are faint and few,
I fain would strive for more;
But when I cry, "My strength renew,"
Seem weaker than before.

4 O make this heart rejoice or ache;
Decide this doubt for me;
And if it be not broken, break—
And heal it, if it be. *Cowper.*

243. *Where is my God?* L. M.

1 Where is my God? does he retire
Beyond the reach of humble sighs?
Are these weak breathings of desire
Too languid to ascend the skies?

2 No, Lord! the breathings of desire,
The weak petition, if sincere,
Is not forbidden to aspire,
But reaches thy all-gracious ear.

3 Look up, my soul, with cheerful eye—
See where the great Redeemer stands
The glorious Advocate on high,
With precious incense in his hands!

4 He sweetens every humble groan,
He recommends each broken prayer;
Recline thy hope on him alone,
Whose power and love forbid despair.

5 Teach my weak heart, O gracious Lord,
With stronger faith to call thee mine;
Bid me pronounce the blissful word,
My Father, God, with joy divine.

244. *The Christian's Spiritual Trials.* L. M.

1 I asked the Lord that I might grow
In faith, and love and every grace,
Might more of his salvation know,
And seek more earnestly his face.

2 'Twas he who taught me thus to pray,
And he, I trust, has answered prayer;
But it has been in such a way
As almost drove me to despair.

3 I hoped that in some favored hour
At once he'd answer my request,
And by his love's constraining power
Subdue my sins and give me rest.

4 Instead of this he made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart,
And let the angry powers of hell
Assault my soul in every part.

5 Yea, more, with his own hand he seemed
Intent to aggravate my wo,
Crossed all the fair designs I schemed,
Blasted my gourds, and laid me low.

6 "Lord, why is this?" I trembling cried:
"Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death?"
"'Tis in this way," the Lord replied.
"I answer prayer for grace and faith.

7 "These inward trials I employ,
From self and pride to set thee free;
And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
That thou mayest seek thy all in me."

Newton.

245. *The Thorny Road the Right Road.* L. M.

1 Thus far my God hath led me on,
And made his truth and mercy known;
My hopes and fears alternate rise,
And comforts mingle with my sighs.

2 Temptations every where annoy,
And sins and snares my peace destroy:
My earthly joys are from me torn,
And oft an absent God I mourn.

3 My soul, with various tempests tossed,
Her hopes o'erturned, her projects cross'd,
Sees every day new straits attend,
And wonders where the scene will end.

4 Is this, dear Lord, that thorny road
Which leads us to the mount of God?
Are these the toils thy people know,
While in the wilderness below?

5 'Tis even so; thy faithful love
Doth all thy children's graces prove;
'Tis thus our pride and self must fall,
That Jesus may be All in All.

Fawcett.

246. *Spiritual Dejection.* 8s, 7s & 4s.

1 O my soul, what means this sadness?
Wherefore art thou thus cast down?
Let thy griefs be turned to gladness,
Bid thy restless fears be gone;
Look to Jesus,
And rejoice in his dear name.

2 What though Satan's strong temptations
Vex and tease thee day by day;
And thy sinful inclinations
Often fill thee with dismay!
Thou shalt conquer,
Through the Lamb's redeeming blood.

3 Though ten thousand ills beset thee
From without and from within;
Jesus saith he'll ne'er forget thee,
But will save from hell and sin;
He is faithful
To perform his gracious word.

4 Though distresses now attend thee,
And thou tread'st the thorny road,
His right hand shall still defend thee,
Soon he'll bring thee home to God;
Therefore praise him,
Praise the great Redeemer's name.

Fawcett.

247. *The Backslider's Prayer.* 8s, 7s & 6s.

1 Jesus, let thy pitying eye,
Call back a wandering sheep;
False to thee, like Peter, I
Would fain like Peter weep;
Let me be by grace restored,
On me be all its freeness shown;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

2 Saviour, Prince, enthroned above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, through thy dying love,
The humble, contrite heart;

Give, what I have long implored,
A portion of thy love unknown;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

3 See me, Saviour, from above,
Nor suffer me to die;
Life, and happiness, and love,
Smile in thy gracious eye:
Speak the reconciling word,
And let thy mercy melt me down;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

4 Look, as when thy pitying eye
Was closed that we might live;
"Father," at the point to die,
My Saviour gasped, "forgive!"
Surely with that dying word,
He turns, and looks, and cries, "'Tis done!"
O my loving, bleeding Lord,
This breaks my heart of stone.

248. *Give me Christ, or else I die.* 7s.

1 Gracious Lord, incline thine ear!
My request vouchsafe to hear;
Hear my never-ceasing cry;
Give me Christ, or else I die.

2 Wealth and honor I disdain,
Earthly comforts, Lord, are vain;
These can never satisfy,
Give me Christ, or else I die.

3 Lord, deny me what thou wilt,
Only ease me of my guilt;
Suppliant at thy feet I lie,
Give me Christ, or else I die.

4 All unholy and unclean,
I am nothing else but sin;
On thy mercy I rely,
Give me Christ, or else I die.

219. *Happy only in a Saviour's Love.*

Air—O how happy are they

1 O my soul is cast down,
When my Jesus doth frown,
And in penitence low would I lie;
Yet my Saviour! my All!
Still on thee would I call,
And again to thine arms would I fly.

2 Though so cold is my heart,
And so prone to depart
From thy cross—yet no more would I rove;
O my Saviour divine!
Still, O still I am thine!
Lord, I love thee! "thou knowest I love."

J. Dowling.

250. *The Weary Dove.* 10s.

But the dove found no rest for the sole of her foo., and she returned unto him into the ark.—*Gen* viii. 9.

1 A weak and weary dove, with drooping wing,
And tired of wandering o'er this watery waste;
Jesus, my ark! once more, a worthless thing,
To thee I fly, thy pardoning love to taste.

2 For since I left thy sweet, secure retreat,
In search of pleasures fair, though false and vain,
My peace—my joy hath flown; no rest my feet
Have found—and now I turn to thee again!

3 I've sought for rest in friendship's hallowed shrine,
But loved ones change and earth's endearments end;
No love is true and lasting, Lord, but THINE;
Henceforth, Incarnate Love, be thou my friend.

4 I've sought to find a place to rest my feet
In Fame's alluring temple, bright and gay;
In health, and competence, and pleasures sweet.
But short and transient as the passing day.

5 Yet all in vain—o'er all this dreary waste
Of sin and sorrow, toil, and care, and pain,
No spot I've found my weary feet to rest;
And now, sweet ark, I fly to thee again.

J. Dowling.

251. *Penitential Sighs.* 7s.

1 Father, at thy call I come!
In thy bosom there is room
For a guilty soul to hide,
Pressed with grief on every side.

2 Here I'll make my piteous moan—
Thou canst understand a groan:
Here my sins and sorrows tell;
What I feel thou knowest well.

3 Ah, how foolish I have been,
To obey the voice of sin—
To forget thy love to me,
And to break my vows to thee.

4 Darkness fills my trembling soul;
Floods of sorrows o'er me roll;
Pity, Father, pity me;
All my hope's alone in thee.

Stennett.

252. *A Dying Saviour.* C. M.

1 In evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear;
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopped my wild career.

2 I saw one hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood:
Who fixed his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.

3 Sure, never, till my latest breath,
Can I forget that look;
It seemed to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

4 My conscience felt and owned the guilt,
And plunged me in despair;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And helped to nail him there.

5 A second look he gave, which said,
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid,
I die that thou mayest live."

253. *Walking with God.* C. M.

1 O for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

4 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

5 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

254. *Will ye also go away?* **C. M**

1 When any turn from Zion's way—
Alas, what numbers do!—
Methinks I hear my Saviour say,
"Wilt thou forsake me too?"

2 Ah, Lord! with such a heart as mine,
Unless thou hold me fast,
I feel I must, I shall decline,
And prove like them at last.

3 Yet thou alone hast power, I know,
To save a wretch like me;
To whom or whither could I go,
If I should turn from thee?

4 The help of men and angels joined
Could never reach my case;
Nor can I hope relief to find,
But in thy boundless grace.

5 What anguish has that question stirred—
If I will also go?
Yet, Lord, relying on thy word,
I humbly answer, No! *Newton.*

255. *Return of Joy.* L. M.

1 When darkness long has veiled my mind,
And smiling day once more appears,
Then, my Redeemer, then I find
The folly of my doubts and fears.

2 I chide my unbelieving heart,
And blush that I should ever be
Thus prone to act so base a part,
Or harbor one hard thought of thee.

3 O let me, then, at length be taught
What I am still so slow to learn,
That God is love, and changes not,
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.

4 Thou art as ready to forgive
As I am ready to repine;
Thou, therefore, all the praise receive;
Be shame and self-abhorrence mine.
Cowper.

256. *It is good to be here.* 11s & 8s.

1 Ah! well might the raptured disciple exclaim.
Who saw his loved Master appear,
Transfigured and robed in ethereal flame,
"It is good for us, Lord, to be here."

2 And when on the mount of communion divine,
Our souls to the Saviour draw near,
We, too, in the spirit and sentiment join,
And say, "It is good to be here."

3 And thus, too, the Christian, whatever his lot,
While reading his evidence clear,
The mountain or valley, the mansion or cot,
Can say, "It is good to be here."

Gethsemane's garden and Calvary's hill
Believers hold sacred and dear,
And when the Lord's presence his temple doth fill,
We feel "it is good to be here."

But what saith the soul that hath entered her rest,
Where Christ wipes away every tear,
Of fullness of joy for ever possessed?
"O 'tis better than all to be here!"

257. *The Living Redeemer.* L. M.

1 "I know that my Redeemer lives;"
What comfort this sweet sentence gives:
He lives, he lives, who once was dead—
He lives, my ever-living Head!

2 He lives to bless me with his love,
He lives to plead my cause above;
He lives my hungry soul to feed,
He lives to help in time of need.

3 He lives to banish all my fears,
He lives to wipe away my tears;
He lives to calm my troubled heart,
He lives all blessings to impart.

4 He lives, my kind and gracious friend;
He lives, and loves me to the end;
He lives, and while he lives I'll sing,
He lives, my Prophet, Priest and King.

5 He lives, and grants me daily breath;
He lives to conquer sin and death;
He lives my mansion to prepare—
He lives to bring me safely there.

6 He lives, all glory to his name!
He lives, my Jesus still the same;
O, the sweet joy this sentence gives,
"I know that my Redeemer lives!"

258. *The Privileges of the Sons of God.* 7s.

1 Blessed are the sons of God,
They are bought with Jesus' blood,
They are ransomed from the grave,
Life eternal they shall have:
With them numbered may we be,
Now and through eternity!

2 God did love them, in his Son,
Long before the world begun;
They the seal of this receive,
When on Jesus they believe:
With them, &c.

3 They are justified by grace,
They enjoy a solid peace;
All their sins are washed away,
They shall stand in God's great day:
With them, &c.

4 They have fellowship with God,
Through the Mediator's blood;
One with God, through Jesus one,
Glory is in them begun:
With them, &c.

Stennett.

259. *Holy Fortitude.* C. M.

1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease;
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die:
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

Watts.

260. *The Long-suffering of God* 7s.

1 Lord, and am I yet alive,
Not in torments, not in hell!
Still doth thy good Spirit strive!—
With the chief of sinners dwell!
Tell it unto sinners, tell,
I am, I am out of hell!

2 Yes, I still lift up my eyes,
Will not of thy love despair;
Still in spite of sin I rise,
Still I bow to thee in prayer.
Tell it, &c.

3 O the length and breadth of love!
Jesus, Saviour, can it be!
All thy mercy's height I prove,
All the depth is seen in me.
Tell it, &c.

4 See a stone that hangs in air!
See a spark in ocean live!
Kept alive with death so near,
I to God the glory give:
Ever tell—to sinners tell,
I am, I am out of hell!

261. *The Mercy of God.*

Air—Christ in the Garden, or Portuguese Hymn.

1 Thy mercy, my God, is the theme of my song,
The joy of my heart and the boast of my tongue;
Thy free grace alone, from the first to the last,
Hath won my affections and bound my soul fast.

2 Without thy sweet mercy I could not live here;
Sin soon would reduce me to utter despair;
But through thy free goodness my spirits revive,
And He that first made me, still keeps me alive.

3 Thy mercy is more than a match for my heart,
Which wonders to feel its own hardness depart;
Dissolved by thy goodness, I fall to the ground,
And weep to the praise of the mercy I found.

4 The door of thy mercy stands open all day
To the poor and the needy, who knock by the way;
No sinner shall ever be empty sent back,
Who comes seeking mercy for Jesus's sake.

5 Thy mercy in Jesus exempts me from hell:
Its glories I'll sing, and its wonders I'll tell.
'Twas Jesus my friend, when he hung on the tree,
Who opened the channel of mercy for me.

6 Great Father of mercies! thy goodness I own,
And the covenant love of thy crucified Son:
All praise to the Spirit, whose whisper divine
Seals mercy and pardon and righteousness mine.

262. *As thy days, so shall thy strength be.* **L. M.**

1 Afflicted saint, to Christ draw near,
Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear;
His faithful word declares to thee,
That, as thy days, thy strength shall be.

2 Let not thy heart despond, and say,
How shall I stand the trying day?
He has engaged, by firm decree,
That, as thy days, thy strength shall be.

3 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong;
And if the conflict should be long,
Thy Lord will make the tempter flee;
For, as thy days, thy strength shall be.

4 When ghastly death appears in view,
Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue:
He comes to set thy spirit free;
And, as thy days, thy strength shall be.

Fawcett.

263. *Mercy in Affliction.* **C. M.**

1 O Thou whose mercy guides my way,
Though now it seem severe,
Forbid my unbelief to say,
There is no mercy here!

2 O may I, Lord, desire the pain
That comes in kindness down,
Far more than sweetest earthly gain,
Succeeded by a frown.

3 Then though thou bend my spirit low,
Love only shall I see;
The gracious hand that strikes the blow,
Was wounded once for me.

Edmeston.

264. *Patience.* L. M.

1 Dear Lord, though bitter is the cup
Thy gracious hand deals out to me,
I cheerfully would drink it up;
That cannot hurt which comes from thee.

2 Dash it with thy unchanging love,
Let not a drop of wrath be there!
The saints for ever blest above,
Were often most afflicted here.

3 From Jesus, thy incarnate Son,
I'll learn obedience to thy will;
And humbly kiss the chastening rod,
When its severest strokes I feel.

Beddome.

265. *My Rest is in Heaven.*

1 My rest is in heaven, my rest is not here,
Then why should I tremble when trials are near?
Be hushed, my sad spirit, the worst that can come
But shortens thy journey, and hastens thee home.

2 It is not for me to be seeking my bliss,
Or building my hopes in a region like this;
I look for a city that hands have not piled,
I pant for a country by sin undefiled.

3 The thorn and the thistle around me may grow,
I would not lie down upon roses below;
I ask not my portion, I seek not my rest,
Till I find them for ever on Jesus's breast.

4 Afflictions may press me, they cannot destroy—
One glimpse of his love turns them all into joy;
And the bitterest tears, if he smile but on them,
Like dew in the sunshine, grow diamond and gem.

5 Let doubt, then, and danger my progress oppose,
They only make heaven more sweet at its close;
Come joy, or come sorrow, whate'er may befall,
An hour with my Saviour will make up for all.

6 A scrip on my back, and a staff in my hand,
I march on in haste, through an enemy's land;
The road may be rough, but it cannot be long,
And I'll smooth it with hope, and I'll cheer it with song.

H. T. Lyte.

266. *Precious Promises.* 11s.

1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say than to you he hath said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

2 In every condition—in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth;
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,
As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be.

3 Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed!
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous omnipotent hand.

4 When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

5 The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not, desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I will never, no *never*, no *never forsake*.

267. *Warning.*

1 Young people, all attention give,
While I address you in God's name;
You who in sin and folly live,
Come, hear the counsel of a friend;
I've sought for bliss in glittering toys,
I've ranged th' alluring scenes of life,
But never found substantial joys
Until I heard my Saviour's voice.

2 He spoke at once my sins forgiven,
And swept my load of guilt away;
He gave me glory, peace and heaven,
And led me in his own right way;
And now with trembling sense I view,
Huge billows roll beneath your path,
While death eternal waits for you
Who slight the force of gospel truth.

3 Think of the soul where vengeance reigns!
It sinks in groans and ceaseless cries,
It moves amidst the burning flames
In boundless woes and agonies.
There swallow'd up in blackest night,
Where devils dwell and thunders roar,
To sink in keen despair and guilt,
When thousand thousand years are o'er.

4 O fellow youth! this is the state
Of all who do free grace refuse;
And soon with you 'twill be too late
The way of life in Christ to choose.
Come, lay your carnal weapons by;
No longer fight against your Lord;
And with my mission now comply,
And heaven shall be your great reward.

268. *Benefit of Trials.* 7s.

1 'Tis my happiness below,
Not to live without the cross;
But the Saviour's power to know
Sanctifying every loss.

2 Trials must and will befall;
But—with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all—
This is happiness to me.

3 God in Israel sows the seeds
Of affliction, pain and toil;
These spring up, and choke the weeds
Which would else o'erspread the soil.

4 Trials make the promise sweet;
Trials give new life to prayer;
Trials bring me to his feet—
Lay me low and keep me there.

Cowper.

269. *God will never forget us.* 8s, 7s & 4s.

1 Gently, Lord, O, gently lead us
Through this lonely vale of tears!
And, O Lord, in mercy give us
Thy rich grace in all our fears.
O refresh us!—
O, refresh us with thy grace!

2 Though ten thousand ills beset us
From without and from within,
Jesus says he'll ne'er forget us,
But will save from every sin.
Therefore praise him—
Praise the great Redeemer's name.

3 Though distresses now attend thee,
And thou tread'st the thorny road,
His right hand shall still defend thee;
Soon he'll bring thee home to God!
Therefore praise him—
Praise the great Redeemer's name.

4 O, that I could now adore him,
Like the heavenly hosts above,
Who for ever bow before him,
And unceasing sing his love!
Happy songsters,
When shall I your chorus join.

270. *Sweet Affliction.* 8s, 7s & 4s.

1 In the floods of tribulation,
  While the billows o'er me roll,
Jesus whispers consolation,
  And supports my fainting soul:
Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Hallelujah, praise the Lord.

2 Thus the lion yields me honey,
  From the eater food is given;
Strengthened thus, I still press forward,
  Singing as I wade to heaven—
Sweet affliction, sweet affliction,
And my sins are all forgiven.

3 All I meet I find assists me
  In my path to heavenly joy,
Where, though trials now attend me,
  Trials never more annoy:
Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Hallelujah, praise the Lord.

4 Blessed there with a weight of glory,
  Still the path I'll ne'er forget,
But, exulting cry, it led me
  To my blessed Saviour's seat—
Sweet affliction, sweet affliction,
Which has brought to Jesus' feet.

Samuel Pearce.

271. *Praise for Afflictions.*

1 For what shall I praise thee, my God and my King?
For what blessings the tribute of gratitude bring?
Shall I praise thee for pleasure, for health, or for ease?
For the spring of delight and the sunshine of peace?

2 Shall I praise thee for flowers that bloomed on my breast?
For joys in perspective, and pleasures possessed?
For the spirits that brightened my days of delight?
And the slumbers that sat on my pillow by night?

3 For this should I praise thee: but only for this,
I should leave half untold the donation of bliss;
I thank thee for sickness, for sorrow, for care,
For the thorns I have gathered, the anguish I bear:

4 For nights of anxiety, watching and tears,
A present of pain, a perspective of fears;
I praise thee, I bless thee, my King and my God,
For the good and the evil thy hand hath bestowed.

5 The flowers were sweet, but their fragrance is flown;
They yielded no fruit, they are withered and gone!
The thorn it was poignant, but precious to me;
'Twas the message of mercy—it led me to thee!

Caroline Fry.

272. *Retirement for Prayer and Meditation.*

1 Welcome, thrice happy hour, in which
I from the world retreat,
To meditate on Jesus' love,
And worship at his feet;

2 To view, by faith, my Saviour bleed,
On Calvary's gory tree—
To wonder at his matchless love,
In suffering thus for me;

3 To feel those sacred, heavenly joys,
Which Faith and Love impart—
To offer my best sacrifice,
A broken, contrite heart.

4 Hail, sweet retirement! yes, 'twas here,
When first by sin oppress,
My burdened spirit sought relief,
And found the promised rest.

5 When sinking in despair, 'twas here
My Jesus bade me live;
Here hath my soul enjoyed that peace,
Which none but Christ can give.

6 Here will I still resort, and rest
Secure in Jesus' love,
Till he shall call my spirit home,
To dwell with him above.

J. Dowling.

273. *Invitation to Prayer.* 7s & 6s.

Air—The morning light is breaking.

1 Go, when the morning shineth,
Go, when the noon is bright,
Go, when the eve declineth,
Go, in the hush of night—
Go, with pure mind and feeling;
Fling earthly care away,
And, in thy chamber kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

2 Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee;
Pray, too, for those who hate thee,
If any such there be;
Then for thyself, in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim,
And link with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name.

3 Or if 'tis e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee,
When friends are round thy way,
E'en then the silent breathing
Of thy spirit raised above.
Will reach His throne of glory,
Who is Mercy, Truth, and Love.

Mrs. Sigourney.

274. *Sweet Hour of Prayer.* D. L. M.

1 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me, at my Father's throne,
Make all my wants and wishes known.
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer!

2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless.
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!

3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
May I thy consolations share,
Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height
I view my heaven, and at the sight,
Put off this robe of flesh, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
Shouting, as I pass through the air,
Farewell! farewell! sweet hour of prayer!

Walford, the Blind Preacher.

275. *Prayer.* C. M.

1 Because He has inclined his ear,
And listened to my prayer;
Before his throne I'll still appear,
And lay my burden there.

2 Long as I live, some lowly spot
My Bethel here shall be,
Where I can sit in solemn thought,
And breathe a prayer to thee.

3 And yet so worthless, Lord, am I,
I should not dare to plead,
Did not the blood of Calvary
For sinners intercede.

Mrs. Baxter.

276. *The Pilgrimage of the Saints.* C. M.

1 Lord, what a wretched land is this,
That yields us no supply!
No cheering fruits, no wholesome trees,
Nor streams of living joy!

2 But pricking thorns through all the ground,
And mortal poisons grow;
And all the rivers that are found,
With dangerous waters flow.

3 Our journey is a thorny maze,
But we march upward still;
Forget these troubles of the ways,
And reach at Zion's hill.

4 See the kind angels at the gates,
Inviting us to come:
There Jesus, the forerunner, waits,
To welcome travelers home.

5 There, on a green and flowery mount,
Our weary souls shall sit,
And with transporting joys recount
The labors of our feet.

Watts.

277. *Longing to depart.* 8s.

1 To Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone;
O bear me, ye cherubim, up,
And waft me away to his throne

2 My Saviour, whom absent I love,
Whom, not having seen, I adore;
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and power—

3 Dissolve thou these bands that detain
My soul from her portion in thee;
O strike off this adamant chain,
And make me eternally free.

4 When that happy era begins,
When arrayed in thy glories I shine,
Nor grieve any more by my sins
The bosom on which I recline—

5 O then shall the veil be removed,
And round me thy brightness be poured;
I shall meet him whom absent I loved,
Whom, not having seen, I adored.

Cowper.

278. *Judgment Scenes.*

1 Lo! he comes with clouds descending.
Once for favored sinners slain!
Thousand, thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train;
Turn to the Lord, &c.

2 Every eye shall now behold him,
Robed in dreadful majesty!
Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierced, and nailed him to the tree, &c

3 When the solemn trump has sounded,
Heaven and earth shall flee away;
All who hate him, must, confounded,
Hear the summons of that day, &c.

4 Yea, amen!—let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne!
Saviour, take the power and glory;
Make thy righteous sentence known, &c.

279. *Plea for Mercy.*

Tune—Woodland.

[The following stanzas may be regarded as the dying words of an eminent man of God. In the last letter written by the venerable Dr. Ryland of Bristol, England, at the age of 72, a few days before his death, on May 25th, 1825, he says, "I sometimes give vent to my feelings in plain rhyme. I was recently thinking of an expression in 2 Timothy i. 18, and recorded my feelings as follows."

1 O, in that day,
Grant that I may
Find mercy, Lord, with thee!
Through Him who kept thy holy law,
Without a blemish or a flaw,
Then died upon the tree.

2 Full, full of sin
And guilt within,
No worthiness I plead;
If thou iniquity shouldst mark,
Dismal my prospects were and dark,
Hopeless my case indeed.

3 Of merit none
Call I my own,
But my demerits vast;
Think of the merits of thy Son,
What he hath suffered, he hath done,
And I am safe at last.

4 Vile, vile I am,
But this blest Lamb
His precious blood has spilt;
That blood, thou hast been pleased to say
Can wash the foulest stains away,
And cancel all my guilt.

5 On Jesus I
Humbly rely,
All other trust abjure;
Jesus! to thee alone I flee;
This hope shall like an anchor be,
For ever firm and sure.

John Ryland.

280. *Anticipation of Death and Glory.* 7s & 6s.

1 Ah! I shall soon be dying,
Time swiftly glides away;
But on my Lord relying,
I hail the happy day—
The day when I must enter
Upon a world unknown;
My helpless soul I venture
On Jesus Christ alone.

2 He once, a spotless victim,
Upon mount Calvary bled!
Jehovah did afflict him,
And bruise him in my stead.

Hence all my hope arises,
Unworthy as I am;
My soul most surely prizes
The sin-atoning Lamb.

3 Then with the saints in glory
The grateful song I'll raise,
And chant my blissful story,
In high seraphic lays.
Free grace, redeeming merit,
And sanctifying love,
Of Father, Son, and Spirit,
Shall charm the courts above.

281. *The Victor Vanquished.* 10s.

1 "Thou must go with me," said the Terror-king
To a pale young man in the blooming spring;
"I must quench the light in thy brilliant eye,
And drain life's fountains of crimson dry."

2 "Is this death? is this death?" the young hero replied,
"With thy weapons of fear and thine accents of pride?
Thou hast met me, indeed, at an early hour,
But I tremble not now as I face thy power!

3 "Ah! knowest thou not when my Master died,
Thy sting was lost in his wounded side;
And thy gates of steel and thy bars of brass
Gave way that the King of Glory might pass?

4 "As the friend of him in his power complete,
The foe which he foiled I can fearlessly meet:
Thou may'st rob what I prize, and to flames
may'st fling,
But more that I prize from the ashes shall spring.

5 "Though dear be the friends that my death may
bereave,
Far better the circle I *join* than I *leave*;
Its numbers like drops in the ocean's abyss,
And such love in *that* world, as we know not in
this!

"When God hath more work for his servant in
heaven
Than he has on the earth, let the summons be
given;
I will go; and my joy, but a *fountain* before,
Shall spread like a *sea* without sounding or
shore."

K. Arvine.

282. *Interment of a Pious Female.* 8s & 7s.

Sister, thou wast mild and lovely,
Gentle as the summer breeze,
Pleasant as the air of evening,
When it floats among the trees.

Peaceful be thy silent slumber—
Peaceful in the grave so low:
Thou no more wilt join our number;
Thou no more our songs shalt know.

3 Dearest sister, thou hast left us;
Here thy loss we deeply feel;
But 'tis God that hath bereft us:
He can all our sorrows heal.

4 Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life is fled,
Then in heaven with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed.

S. F. Smith.

283. *The Departing Saint.* 8s & 7s.

1 Happy soul! thy days are ended,
All thy mourning hours below;
Go, by angel guards attended,
To thy waiting Saviour go.

2 Anxious to receive thy spirit,
Lo, Immanuel dwells above;
Pleads the value of his merit,
Reaches out the crown of love.

3 Struggle through thy latest passion;
Let no fear alarm thy breast:
God shall bring thee full salvation,
God shall give thee endless rest.

4 For the joy he sets before thee,
Bear a momentary pain;
Die, to live the life of glory;
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

Noel.

284. *Treasure in Heaven.* C. M.

1 Yes, there are joys that cannot die,
With God laid up in store—
Treasures, beyond the changing sky,
More bright than golden ore.

2 To that bright world my soul aspires,
With rapturous delight;
O for the Spirit's quickening powers,
To speed me in my flight!

285. *The Dying Christian to his Soul.*

1 Vital spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, O quit this mortal frame;
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying—
O, the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

2 Hark! they whisper—angels say,
"Sister spirit, come away:"
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

3 The world recedes—it disappears—
Heaven opens on my eyes!—my ears
With sounds seraphic ring!—
Lend, lend your wings! I mount, I fly!
"O grave, where is thy victory?
O death, where is thy sting?"

Pope.

286. *Christ a Guide through Death.* 8s, 7s & 4s.

1 Guide me, O thou great Jehovah!
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open thou the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow,
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of deaths, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

Oliver.

287. *The Everlasting Song.* C. M.

1 Earth has engrossed my love too long,
'Tis time I lift mine eyes
Upward, dear Father, to thy throne,
And to my native skies.

2 There the blest man, my Saviour, sits;
The God, how bright he shines!
And scatters infinite delights
On all the happy minds.

3 Seraphs, with elevated strains,
Circle the throne around;
And move and charm the starry plains
With an immortal sound.

4 Jesus, the Lord, their harps employs:—
Jesus, my love, they sing!
Jesus, the life of all our joys,
Sounds sweet from every string.

5 Now let me mount and join their song,
And be an angel too;
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
Here's joyful work for you.

288. *Our Glorious Home in Heaven.*

1 Afar we list the seraphs' lays,
And catch their raptured strains,
And dimly through the glass of faith,
Behold the heavenly plains.
Then let us on to our home above,
Our glorious home in heaven,
Then let us on to our home above,
Our glorious home in heaven.

2 The friends who love may love no more,
Or the life-chord frail be riven,
But one who'll neither change nor die,
Is waiting us in heaven.
Then let us on, &c.

3 On earth do bitter fountains gush,
And fading flowrets blow,
In heaven undying fruits are borne,
And taintless waters flow.
Then let us on, &c.

4 The wealth of earth must vanish all,
Before the death-dimmed eye,
Then let us strive, with tireless aim
For wealth above the sky.
Then let us on, &c.

J. L. Dowling

289. *Heaven.*

Tune—Woodland.

1 There is a land of calm delight
To sorrowing mortals given;
There rapturous scenes enchant the sight,
And all to soothe their souls unite;
Sweet is their rest in heaven.

2 There glory beams on all the plains,
And joy for hope is given;
There music swells in sweetest strains,
And spotless beauty ever reigns,
And all is love in heaven.

3 There cloudless skies are ever bright;
Thence gloomy scenes are driven;
There suns dispense unsullied light,
And planets beaming on the sight,
Illume the fields of heaven.

4 There is a stream that ever flows,
To passing pilgrims given;
There fairest fruit immortal grows;
The verdant flower eternal blows
Amid the fields of heaven.

5 There is a great and glorious prize,
For those with sin who've striven;
'Tis bright as star of evening skies,
And far above it glittering lies,
A golden crown in heaven

290. *The Last Day.* C. M.

1 Shall I a sinful worm
By Christ the Lamb be led,
And safe outride the gathering storm,
Which then around shall spread?

2 Shall I with angels stand,
And view the living fount
Of waters flow at thy right hand,
On the celestial mount?

3 Shall God wipe off the tears,
Which fill my raptured eyes,
And I surmount the gloomy fears
Which now obscure my skies?

4 Lord, 'tis thy blood alone,
Can fit me for that place;
I bring no merit of my own,
But plead thy sovereign grace.

Mrs. Baxter.

291. *Faith, Hope, Desire, and Love.* C. M.

1 Says Faith, "Look yonder, see the crown,
Laid up in heaven above;"
Says Hope, "It shortly shall be mine"—
"I'll wear it soon," says Love.

2 Desire exclaims, "Is that my home?
Then to my place I'll flee;
I cannot bear a longer stay:
My rest I fain would see."

3 Then Faith stands smiling, looking on—
Hope waits, Love sits and sings;
Desire still flutters to be gone,
But Patience clips her wings.

4 Strengthen, O Lord, my Faith and Hope;
Let Love's pure flame ascend,
While Patience bears my spirit up,
Till sighs and tears shall end.

292. *Looking forward to Heaven.* 7s & 6s.

Air—O when shall I see Jesus.

1 From every earthly pleasure,
From every transient joy,
From every mortal treasure,
That soon will fade and die;
No longer these desiring,
Upward our wishes tend,
To nobler bliss aspiring,
And joys that never end.

2 From every piercing sorrow,
That heaves our breast to-day,
Or threatens us to-morrow,
Hope turns our eyes away:

On wings of faith ascending,
We see the land of light,
And feel our sorrows ending
In infinite delight.

3 'Tis true we are but strangers,
We sojourn here below;
And countless snares and dangers
Surround the path we go;
Though painful and distressing,
Yet there's a rest above;
And onward still we're pressing,
To reach that land of love.

293. *Longing for a place at Christ's right hand.* L. C. M.

1 When thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come
To fetch thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand?

2 I love to meet among them now,
Before thy gracious feet to bow,
Though vilest of them all:
But can I bear the piercing thought?
What if my name should be left out,
When thou for them shalt call?

3 Prevent, prevent it by thy grace;
Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding-place,
In this the accepted day:
Thy pardoning voice, O let me hear
To still my unbelieving fear;
Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 Let me among thy saints be found,
Whene'er the archangel's trump shall sound,
To see thy smiling face:
Then, loudest of the crowd, I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.

294. *Rising to God.* L. M.

1 Now let our souls, on wings sublime,
Rise from the vanities of time,
Draw back the parting veil, and see
The glories of eternity.

2 Born by a new celestial birth,
Why should we grovel here on earth?
Why grasp at transitory toys,
So near to heaven's eternal joys?

3 Shall aught beguile us on the road,
When we are walking back to God?
For strangers into life we come,
And dying is but going home.

4 Welcome, sweet hour of full discharge
That sets our longing souls at large,
Unbinds our chains, breaks up our cell,
And gives us with our God to dwell.

5 To dwell with God, to feel his love,
Is the full heaven enjoyed above;
And the sweet expectation now,
Is the young dawn of heaven below.

295. *Home in Heaven.* S. M.

1 My Father's house on high!
Home of my soul! how near,
At times, to faith's discerning eye,
Thy golden gates appear.

2 I hear, at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of heaven
Seraphic music pour.

3 O, then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love—
The bright inheritance of saints,
My glorious home above.

Montgomery.

VOLUNTARY STANZAS,

FOR THE

CONFERENCE AND REVIVAL MEETINGS.

[Every devout worshipper who has been in the habit of attending Conference Meetings, must have observed how much is added to the life and spirituality of such meetings by the voluntary singing, to a lively tune, of a verse or two, appropriate to the prayer or exhortation which has preceded. To assist in this exercise, the following separate stanzas are here inserted. Most of them are well known in various parts of the country. A few are original.

296. *The Response.* 8s & 6s.

Amen, amen, my soul replies,
I'm bound to meet you in the skies,
And claim my mansions there;
Now here's my heart, and here's my hand,
To meet you in that heavenly land,
Where we shall part no more.

297. *Our Hearts grow warm.* L. M.

Our hearts grow warm with holy fire,
And kindle with a pure desire;
Come, blessed Saviour, from above,
And feed our souls with heavenly love.

298. *How long, dear Saviour.* C. M.

How long, dear Saviour, O how long
Shall that bright hour delay?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

299. *O, for this Love.* C. M

1 O! for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak!

2 Angels assist our mighty joys;
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

300. *O Jesus, my Saviour.*

1 O Jesus, my Saviour, to thee I submit,
With love and thanksgiving fall down at thy feet;
In sacrifice offer my soul, flesh, and blood:
Thou art my Redeemer, who brought me to God.

2 O Jesus, my Saviour, with thee I am blest!
My life and salvation, my joy and my rest!
Thy name be my theme and thy love be my song;
Thy grace shall inspire both my heart and my tongue.

301. *Spiritual Joy.*

My soul is immersed in a fountain of love,
My heart and my treasure in heaven above;
Through grace I'm determined I'll never give o'er,
Till safely I'm landed on Canaan's fair shore.

302. *Heaven's Enjoyments Endless.* C. M.

When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise,
Than when we first begun.
O that will be joyful, &c.

303. *Ebenezer.* 8s & 7s.

Air—Pilgrim Stranger.

1 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home:
For I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.

2 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to save my soul from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.
For I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.

304. *Redeeming Grace and Dying Love.*

Bless'd Jesus, what delicious fare!
How sweet thy entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.

305. *Saw ye my Saviour?*

1 Saw ye my Saviour? saw ye my Saviour?
Saw ye my Saviour and God?
O he died on Calvary.
To atone for you and me
And to purchase our pardon with blood.

2 Hail, mighty Saviour! hail, mighty Saviour!
Prince and the Author of peace;
Soon he burst the bands of death,
And, triumphant from the earth,
He ascended to mansions of bliss.

306. *Canaan just in view.* 8s & 7s.

Air—Pilgrim Stranger.

Jordan's stream shall not o'erflow me,
While my Saviour's by my side;
Canaan, Canaan lies before me,
Just across the swelling tide.
And I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.

307. *Pilgrims' Joyful Songs.* S. M.

1 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields
Or walk the golden streets.

2 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

308. *Following Jesus.* C. M.

Air—Land of Canaan.

1 Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone,
I am bound for the land of Canaan,
He whom I fix my hopes upon,
I am bound for the land of Canaan.
O Canaan, bright Canaan, &c.

2 His track I see, and I'll pursue,
I am bound, &c.
The narrow way, till him I view,
I am bound, &c.
O Canaan, bright Canaan, &c.

309. *Comfort for Saints.*

Our conflicts here will soon be o'er,
Then we shall meet on Canaan's shore,
And praise redeeming love.
Now here's my heart &c.

310. *I will never forsake thee.*

The soul that on *Jesus* hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes:
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll *never*, no *never*, no *never forsake.*

311. *O faint not.* C. M.

O faint not, Christian, for thy sighs
Are heard before his throne;
The race must come before the prize,
The cross before the crown.

312. *Why those Fears?* 8s, 7s & 4s

1 Why those fears? behold 'tis Jesus
Holds the helm, and guides the ship;
Spread the sails, and catch the breezes,
Sent to waft us through the deep,
To the regions
Where the mourners cease to weep.

2 Rendered safe by his protection,
We shall pass the watery waste;
Trusting to his wise direction
We shall gain the port at last.
And, with wonder,
Think on toils and dangers past.

313. *A Feeble Saint shall win the Day.*

Now let my soul arise,
And tread the tempter down;
My Captain leads me forth
To conquest and a crown.
A feeble saint shall win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct the way.

314. *No Sin in Heaven.* L. M.

1 Sin, my worst enemy before,
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more:
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.

2 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ,
In that eternal world of joy.

315. *Praise to the Redeemer.*

Glory, honor, praise, and power,
Be unto the Lamb for ever;
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer,
Hallelujah, hallelujah,
Hallelujah, praise ye the Lord.

316. *Blessedness of Prayer.*

Air—From Greenland's icy mountains.

O, not a joy or blessing
With this can we compare,
The power that God hath given us
To pour our souls in prayer:
Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,
Before his footstool fall;
Remember in thy gladness,
His grace who gave thee all.

317. *Restraining Prayer.* L. M.

Air—When marshaled on.

Restraining prayer we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright;
And Satan trembles, when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.
Were half the breath that's vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent,
Our cheerful songs would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me."

318. *Design of Prayer.* L. M.

Prayer was appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give:
Long as they live should Christians pray,
For only while they pray they live.

319. *The Worth of Prayer.* L. M.

Air—When marshaled on.

What various hindrances we meet
In coming to a mercy-seat!
Yet who, that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there?
Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

320. *Watch, and Fight, and Pray.* C. M.

c 1 O, watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

2 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down:
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

321. *Pray on.*

Air—Amen, amen, my soul replies.

Pray on, pray on, my brethren now—
Before Jehovah's throne we'll bow,
We soon shall meet above.
Now here's my heart &c.

322. *Come, my Brethren, let us try.*

1 Come, my brethren, let us try,
For a little season,
Every burden to lay by;
Come, and let us reason.

2 What is this that casts you down?
What is this that grieves you?
Speak, and let the worst be known—
Speaking may relieve you.

323. *Come, listening Angels.*

Come, listening angels, assist me to sing
The love of my Jesus, my heavenly King;
Great things for my soul he surely hath done:
All glory to God for the gift of his Son.

324. *Come, Saints, and speak of Jesus.*

1 Come, saints, and speak of Jesus,
Come, saints, &c.
Sing on, pray on,
Ye followers of Immanuel,
Sing on, pray on,
Ye followers of the Lamb.

2 Your harps take from the willows,
Your harps, &c.
Sing on, pray on, &c.

325. *Speak often to each other.*

Speak often to each other,
To cheer the fainting mind;
And often be your voices
In pure devotion joined.
Though trials may await you,
The crown before you lies;
Take courage, brother pilgrims,
And soon you'll win the prize.

326. *O, revive us.* 8s & 7s

May thy people wake from slumber,
Ere their lamps shall fail and die:
Bridegroom of the Church, awake us,
Bring thy great salvation nigh.
O, thou kind, forgiving Spirit,
Comforter, on thee we call!
Cheer the saint, alarm the sinner;
O revive, revive us all!

327. *Faithful.*

1 O, let us prove faithful,
O, let us prove faithful,
O, let us prove faithful, faithful, faithful,
Till we all shall meet above.

2 There we shall see Jesus,
There we shall see Jesus,
There we shall see Jesus, Jesus, Jesus
When we all shall meet above.

328. *O Careless Sinners, come.*

O careless sinners, come,
Pray now attend,
This world is not your home,
It soon will end;
Jehovah calls aloud,
Forsake the thoughtless crowd.
Pursue the road to God,
And happy be.

329. *The Sinner Warned.* 8s & 6s.

Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas you stand;
Yet how insensible!
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes you to you heavenly place,
Or shuts you up in hell!

330. *The Day of Judgment.* H. M.

At his call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the powers of nature, shaken
By his voice, prepare to flee:
Careless sinner,
What will then become of thee?

331. *Good News of Salvation.*

Come, sinners, attend
And make no delay,
Good news from a friend
We bring you to-day—
Good news of salvation
Come now and receive,
There's no condemnation
To them that believe.

332. *Hear, O Sinner.* 8s & 7s.

Hear, O sinner!—mercy hails you,
Now with sweetest voice she calls;
Bids you haste to seek the Saviour,
Ere the hand of justice falls;
Sinners, can you hate the Saviour, &c.

333. *Come, Weary Souls.* L. M

Air—A poor wayfaring man.

Come, weary souls, with sin distrest,
Come and accept the promised rest;
The Saviour's gracious call obey
And cast your gloomy fears away.
Oppressed with guilt, a painful load,
O, come and spread your woes abroad!
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.

334. *Come and welcome, Sinner, come.* 7s.

From the cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What melodious sounds we hear,
Bursting on the ravished ear!—
"Love's redeeming work is done—
Come and welcome, sinner, come!"

335. *Make but trial of His Love.* C. M.

O! make but trial of His love,
Experience will decide
How blest are they and only they,
Who in his truth confide

336. *Sinner, why doubting stand?*

Air—Happy Land.

Sinner, why doubting stand?
Christ bids you come;
Now join the happy band,
There yet is room.
Come, bow at his dear feet,
While he fills the mercy-seat,
He will the contrite greet,
With willing hand.

Mrs. Baxter.

337. *Yet there is room.* D. C. M.

See, Jesus stands with open arms;
  He calls, he bids you come;
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms;
  But see, there yet is room—
Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart,
  There love and pity meet;
Nor will he bid the soul depart,
  That trembles at his feet.

338. *Youth entreated.*

Air—From Greenland's icy mountains.

Remember thy Creator,
  While youth's fair spring is bright
Before thy cares are greater,
  Before comes age's night;
While yet the sun shines o'er thee,
  While stars the darkness cheer;
While life is all before thee,
  Thy great Creator fear.

S. F. Smith.

339. *Haste, O Sinner.* 8s & 7s.

Haste, O sinner! to the Saviour,
  Seek his mercy while you may;
Soon the day of grace is over;
  Soon your life will pass away;
Sinners can you hate the Saviour, &c.

340. *Sighs of a Convicted Sinner.*

Air—Morning Light.

1 O'erwhelmed with strong conviction
To thee, my God, I cry;
Oppressed with deep affliction,
Low in the dust I lie.
Confessing thou art holy,
And I a sinner vile;
Upon me, poor and lowly,
Deign, Lord, a gracious smile.

2 Jesus, behold my anguish,
Let pity move thy breast,
Nor suffer me to languish,
But speak my soul to rest;
O, pardon my transgression,
Bid all my sorrows cease;
And in thy rich compassion,
Restore my heart to peace.

341. *Mourners encouraged.* 7s.

1 Weeping sinners, dry your tears;
Jesus on the throne appears;
Mercy comes with balmy wing,
Bids you his salvation sing.

2 Peace he brings you by his death,
Peace he speaks with every breath;
Can you slight such heavenly charms?
Flee, O flee to Jesus' arms!

342. *Look to Christ.* 7s.

Weary sinner, keep thine eyes
On the atoning Sacrifice;
View him bleeding on the tree,
Pouring out his life for thee:
There the dreadful curse he bore;
Weeping soul, lament no more.

343. *The Mourner invited to the Mercy-seat.*

Air—There is a happy land.

Go to the mercy-seat,
Poor mourner, go!
Go to thy Saviour's feet,
There tell thy wo.
Jesus invites thee nigh,
There, he'll hear the contrite sigh,
There his precious blood apply;
Go, mourner, go!

J. Dowling.

344. *Prayer for Mourning Souls.*

O Lord, thy quickening grace bestow,
To save these mourning souls from wo,
And bring them home to heaven:
Now here's my heart, &c.

345. *A Broken Heart.* S. M.

Unto thine altar, Lord,
A broken heart I bring;
And wilt thou graciously accept
Of such a worthless thing?

346. *Nothing but thy Blood, O Jesus.*

Nothing but thy blood, O Jesus,
Can relieve us from our smart;
Nothing else from guilt release us.
Nothing else can melt the heart.
Law and terrors do but harden,
All the while they work alone;
But a sense of blood-bought pardon
Soon dissolves a heart of stone.

347. *Christ the only Refuge.* L. M.

In vain the trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon;
With long despair the spirit breaks,
Till we apply to Christ alone.

348. *Show Pity, Lord.* L. M.

Show pity, Lord, O Lord forgive,
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

349. *Repentance at the Cross.* 7s.

Heart of stone, relent, relent,
Break, by Jesus' cross subdued;
See his body, mangled—rent,
Covered with a gore of blood.
Sinful soul, what hast thou done?
Murdered God's eternal Son.

350. *The Trusting Soul's Dependence.*

1 On the word thy blood hath sealed
Hangs my everlasting all;
Let thy arm be now revealed;
Stay, O stay me, lest I fall!

2 In the world of endless ruin,
Never shall it, Lord, be said,
"Here's a soul that perished suing
For the boasted Saviour's aid!"

351. *The Full Surrender.*

Welcome, welcome, dear Redeemer,
Welcome to this heart of mine!
Lord, I make a full surrender;
Every power and thought be thine,
Thine for ever!
Thine, O Lord, for ever thine!

352. *Yielding to Christ.* C. M.

A guilty, weak and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall,
Be thou my strength and righteousness
My Jesus, and my all.

353. *The Young Convert.*

When converts first begin to sing,
Wonder, wonder, wonder,
Their happy souls are on the wing,
Glory, hallelujah ;
Their theme is all redeeming love,
Glory, hallelujah ;
Fain would they be with Christ above,
Sing glory, hallelujah.

354. *Praise for Conversion.*

Bless the Lord, O my soul, for the work he hath done,
Such heavenly peace in my soul he's begun ;
I'll give him the glory, while on earth I remain ;
When I pass over Jordan, I'll praise him again.

355.

7s.

1 For a season called to part,
Let us now ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.

2 Jesus, hear our humble prayer:
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep,
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.

356.

8s, 7s & 4s.

Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and praise;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming-grace.
O refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness.

357.

8s & 7s

May the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above.
Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

358.

Air—O how happy are they.

To the Father and Son,
And the Spirit, in one,
Let the praise and the glory be given;
Soon we'll join in a song,
With the glorified throng
Round the throne, to our Saviour in heaven.

359. L. M.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

360. H. M

Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Thou the God whom we adore,
May we all thy love inherit,
To thine image us restore;
Great Jehovah!
Praises to thee evermore.

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DECLARATION OF FAITH.

I. THE SCRIPTURES.

We believe the Holy Bible was written by men divinely inspired, and is a perfect treasure of heavenly instruction; [a] that it has God for its author, salvation for its end, [b] and truth without any mixture of error for its matter; [c] that it reveals the principles by which God will judge us; [d] and therefore is, and shall remain to the end of the world, the true centre of Christian union; [e] and the supreme standard by which all human conduct, creeds and opinions should be tried. [f]

[a] 2 Timothy 3 : 16. 17 -All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness; that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works. Also, 2 Peter 1 : 21; 2 Samuel 23 : 2; Acts 1 : 16; 3 : 21; John 10 : 35; Luke 16 : 29-31; Psalms 119 : 111; Romans 3 : 1, 2.

[b] 2 Timothy 3 : 15 Able to make thee wise unto salvation. Also 1 Peter 1 : 10-12; Acts 11 : 14; Romans 1 : 16; Mark 16 : 16; John 5 : 34-39.

[c] Proverbs 30 : 5, 6—Every word of God is pure. Add thou not unto his words, lest he reprove thee, and thou be found a liar. Also John 17 : 17; Revelation 22 : 18, 19; Romans 3 : 4.

[d] Romans 2 : 12 -As many as have sinned in the law, shall be judged by the law. John 12 : 47, 48 If any man hear my words—the word that I have spoken, the same shall judge him in the last day. Also 1 Corinthians 4 : 3, 4; Luke 10 : 10-16; 12 : 47, 48.

[e] Phil. 3 : 16—Let us walk by the same rule, let us mind the same thing. Also Ephesians 4 : 3-6; Phil. 2 : 1, 2. 1 Corinthians 1 : 10; 1 Peter 4 : 11.

[f] 1 John 4 : 1—Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God. Isaiah 8 : 20—To the law and to the testimony; if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them. 1 Thess 5 : 21—Prove all things. 2 Corinthians 13 : 5—Prove your own selves. Also Acts 17 : 11; 1 John 4 : 6; Jude 3; Ephe. 6 : 17; Psalms 119 : 59, 60; Phil. 1 : 9-11.

II. THE TRUE GOD.

That there is one, and only one, true and living God, whose name is JEHOVAH, the Maker and Supreme Ruler of Heaven and Earth;[a] inexpressibly glorious in holiness;[b] worthy of all possible honor, confidence, and love;[c] revealed under the personal and relative distinctions of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost;[d] equal in every divine perfection;[e] and executing distinct but harmonious offices in the great work of redemption.[f]

[a] Psalms 83 : 18—Thou whose name alone is JEHOVAH, art the Most High over all the earth. Hebrews 3 : 4; Romans 1 : 20; Jeremiah 10 : 10.

[b] Ex. 15 : 11—Who is like unto Thee, glorious in holiness Isaiah 6 : 3; 1 Peter 1 : 15, 16; Rev. 4 : 6-8.

[c] Mark 12 : 20—Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength. Revelation 4 : 11—Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory, and honor, and power; for thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure they are and were created. Matthew 10 : 37; Jeremiah 2 : 12, 13.

[d] Matthew 28 : 19—Go ye therefore and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. John 15 : 26—When the Comforter is come, whom I will send you from the Father, even the Spirit of Truth, which proceedeth from the Father, he shall testify of me. 1 Corinthians 12 : 4-6; 1 John 5 : 7.

[e] John 10 : 30—I and my Father are one. John 5 : 17; 14 : 23; Acts 5 : 3, 4 : 1 Corinthians 3 : 10 11.

[f] Ephesians 2 : 18—For through Him [the Son] we both have access by one Spirit unto the Father. 2 Corinthians 13 : 11—The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost be with you all. Revelation 1 : 4, 5.

III. THE FALL OF MAN.

That man was created in a state of holiness, under the law of his Maker;[a] but by voluntary transgression fell from that holy and happy state;[b] in consequence of which all mankind are now sinners;[c] not by constraint but choice;[d] being by nature utterly void of that holiness required by the law of God, wholly given to the gratification of the world, of Satan, and of their own sinful passions, and therefore under just condemnation to eternal ruin,[e] without defence, or excuse.[f]

[a] Genesis 1 : 27—God created man in his own image. Genesis 1 : 31—And God saw everything that he had made, and behold it was very good. Ec. 7 : 29.

[b] Genesis 3 : 6 24. And when the woman saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, she took of the fruit thereof, and did eat, and gave also unto her husband with her and he did eat. Therefore the Lord God drove out the man, and he placed at the east of Eden cherubim, and a flaming sword which turned every way, to keep the way of the tree of life. Romans 5 : 12.

[c] Romans 5 : 19—By one man's disobedience many were made sinners. John 3 : 6; Psalms 51 : 5; Romans 5 : 15-19 : 3 : 7.

[d] Isaiah 53 : 6—We have turned, every one to his own way. Genesis 6 : 12; Romans 3 : 9-18.

[e] Ephesians 2 : 1-3—Among whom also we all had our conversation in times past in the lust of our flesh, fulfilling the desires of the flesh and of the mind; and were by nature children

of wrath even as others. Romans 1 : 18—For the wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men, who hold the truth in unrighteousness. Romans 1 : 32 : Galatians 3 : 10 : Matthew 25 : 41 ; Revelation 20 : 15.

f Ezk. 18 : 19, 20—Yet say ye, Why? doth not the son bear the iniquity of his father?—The soul that sinneth it shall die. The son shall not bear the iniquity of the father, neither shall the father bear the iniquity of the son ; the righteousness of the righteous shall be upon him, and the wickedness of the wicked shall be upon him. Romans 1 : 20—So that they are without excuse. Romans 3 : 19—That every mouth may be stopped, and all the world may become guilty before God. Galatians 3 : 22.

IV. HARMONY OF THE LAW AND GOSPEL.

That the law of God is the eternal and unchangeable rule of his moral government ; [a] that it is holy, just and good ; [b] and that the inability which the scriptures ascribe to fallen men to fulfill its precepts, arises entirely from their love of sin ; [c] to deliver them from which, and to restore them through a Mediator to unfeigned obedience to the holy law, is one great end of the Gospel, and of the means of grace connected with the establishment of the visible church.[d]

a Rom. 3 : 31—Do we make void the law through faith? God forbid. Yea, we establish the law. Mat. 5 : 17 ; Luke 13 : 17 ; Rom. 3 : 20 ; 4 : 15.

b Rom. 7 : 12—The law is holy, and the commandment holy, and just, and good. Rom. 7 : 7 ; 14 : 22 ; Gal. 3 : 21.

c Rom 8 : 7, 8—The carnal mind is enmity against God : for it is not subject to the law of God, neither can be. So then they that are in the flesh cannot please God. Josh. 24 : 19 ; Jer. 13 : 23 ; John 6 : 44 ; 5 : 44.

d Rom. 8 : 2, 4—For the law of the Spirit of Life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death. For what the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh ; and for sin condemned sin in the flesh ; that the righteousness

of the law might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh, but after the spirit. Rom. 10 : 4 ; 1 Tim. 1 : 5 ; Heb. 8 : 10 ; Jude 20, 21 ; Heb. 12 : 14.

V. GOD'S PURPOSE OF GRACE.

That election is the gracious purpose of God, according to which he regenerates, sanctifies, and saves sinners ; [a] that being perfectly consistent with the freedom of human action, it comprehends all the means in connection with the end ; [b] that it is a most glorious display of God's sovereign goodness, being infinitely wise, holy, and unchangeable ; [c] that it utterly excludes boasting, and promotes humility, prayer, praise, trust in God, and active imitation of his free mercy ; [d] that it encourages the use of means in the highest degree ; [e] that it is ascertained by its effects in all who believe the gospel ; [f] is the foundation of Christian assurance ; [g] and that to ascertain it with regard to ourselves, demands and deserves our utmost diligence.[h]

[a] 2 Tim. 1 : 8, 9—Be not thou therefore ashamed of the testimony of our Lord, nor of me his prisoner ; but be thou partaker of the afflictions of the Gospel, according to the power of God ; who hath saved us and called us with an holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given to us in Christ Jesus before the world began. Ephe. 1 : 2-14 ; 1 Peter 1 : 1, 2 ; Rom. 11 : 5, 6 : John 15 : 16 ; 1 John 4 : 19 ; Hos. 13 : 9.

[b] 2 Thess. 2 : 13, 14—But we are bound to give thanks alway to God for you, brethren beloved of the Lord because God hat from the beginning chosen you unto salvation, through sanctification of the Spirit, and belief of the truth ; whereunto h called you by our Gospel, to the obtaining of the glory of ou Lord Jesus Christ. Acts 13 : 47 ; John 10 : 16 ; Mat. 20 : 16 Acts 15 : 14-16.

[c] Ex. 33 : 18, 19—And Moses said, I beseech thee, show m thy glory. And he said, I will cause all my goodness to pas before thee, and I will proclaim the name of the Lord before thee, and will be gracious to whom I will be gracious, and will

show mercy on whom I will show mercy. Mat. 20 : 15—Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with my own? Is thine eye evil, because I am good? Eph. 1 : 11; Rom. 9 : 23, 24; Jer. 31 : 3; Rom. 11 : 28, 29; James 1 : 17, 18; 2 Tim. 2 : 10; Rom. 11 : 32-36.

d 1 Cor. 4 : 7—For who maketh thee to differ from another? and what hast thou that thou didst not receive? Now if thou didst receive it, why dost thou glory as if thou hadst not received it? 1 Cor. 1 : 26-31; Rom. 3 : 27; 4 : 16; Col. 3 : 12; 1 Cor. 3 : 5-7; 15 : 10; 1 Peter 5 : 10; Acts 1 : 24; 1 Thess. 2 : 13; 1 Peter 2 : 9, Luke 18 : 7; John 15 : 16; Ephes. 1 : 16; 1 Thess. 2 : 12.

e 2 Tim. 2 : 10—Therefore I endure all things for the elect's sake, that they also may obtain the salvation which is in Jesus Christ with eternal glory. 1 Cor. 9 : 22—I am made all things to all men, that I might by all means save some. Rom. 8 : 29-30; John 6 : 37-40; 2 Peter 1 : 10.

f 1 Thess. 1 : 4-10. Knowing, brethren beloved, your election of God: for our Gospel came unto you, not in word only, but in power, &c.

g Rom. 8 : 28-39—Moreover whom he did predestinate, them he also called, and whom he called them he also justified, and whom he justified them he also glorified. What shall we then say to these things? If God be for us, who can be against us? &c. Isaiah 42 : 16; Rom. 11 : 28.

h 2 Peter 1 : 10, 11—Wherefore the rather, brethren, give diligence to make your calling and election sure; for if ye do these things ye shall never fall; for so an entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Phil. 3 : 12; Heb. 6 : 11.

VI. GRACE IN REGENERATION.

That in order to be saved, we must be regenerated or born again;[a] that regeneration consists in giving a holy disposition to the mind;[b] and is effected in a manner above our comprehension or caiculation,[c] by the power of the Holy Spirit, so as to secure our voluntary obedience to the Gospel;[d] and that its

proper evidence is found in the holy fruit which we bring forth to the glory of God.[e]

[a] John 3 : 3—Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God. John 3 : 7; Revelation 21 : 27.

[b] 2 Corinthians 5 : 17—If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature. Ezek. 36 : 26; Deuteronomy 30 : 6; Romans 2 : 28, 29; 5 : 5; 1 John 4 : 7.

[c] John 3 : 8—The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit. John 1 : 13—Which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God. James 1 : 18; 1 Cor. 1 : 30; Phil. 2 : 13.

[d] 1 Peter 1 : 22-25—Ye have purified your souls in obeying the truth through the Spirit. 1 John 5 : 1—Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ, is born of God. Ephesians 4 : 20-24; Colossians 3 : 9-11.

[e] Ephesians 5 : 9—The fruit of the Spirit is in all goodness, and righteousness, and truth. Romans 8 : 9; Gal. 5 : 16-23; Ephesians 3 : 14-21.

VII. THE WAY OF SALVATION.

That the salvation of sinners is wholly of grace;[a] through the Mediatorial Offices of the Son of God;[b] who took upon him our nature yet without sin;[c] honored the law by his personal obedience,[d] and made atonement for our sins by his death;[e] being risen from the dead he is now enthroned in heaven;[f] and uniting in his wonderful person the tenderest sympathies with divine perfections, is every way qualified to be a suitable, a compassionate, and an all-sufficient Saviour.[g]

[a] Ephesians 2 : 5—By grace ye are saved. Matthew 18 : 11; 1 John 4 : 10; 1 Corinthians 3 : 5-7; Acts 15 : 11.

[b] John 3 : 16—For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. John 1 : 1-14; Hebrews 4 : 14; 12 : 24.

[c] Phil. 2 : 6, 7—Who being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God; but made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men. Hebrews 2 : 9, 14; 2 Corinthians 5 : 9.

[d] Isaiah 42 : 21—The Lord is well pleased for his righteousness' sake; he will magnify the law, and make it honorable. Phil. 2 : 8; Gal. 4 : 4, 5; Romans 3 : 21.

[e] Isaiah 53 : 5—He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed. Matthew 20 : 28; Romans 4 : 25; 3 : 21, 26; 1 John 4 : 10; 2 : 2; 1 Corinthians 15 : 1-3; Hebrews 9 : 13-15.

[f] Hebrews 1 : 8—Unto the Son he saith, Thy throne, O God, is forever and ever. Hebrews 1 : 3; 8 : 3; Col. 3 : 1-4.

[g] Hebrews 7 : 25—Wherefore he is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them. Col. 2 : 9 For in him dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead bodily. Hebrews 2 : 14—In that he himself hath suffered being tempted, he is able to succor them that are tempted. Hebrews 7 : 26; Psalm 89 : 19; Psalm 15.

VIII. THE FREENESS OF SALVATION.

That the blessings of salvation are made free to all by the Gospel;[a] that it is the immediate duty of all to accept them by a cordial and obedient faith;[b] and that nothing prevents the salvation of the greatest sinner on earth, except his own voluntary refusal to submit to the Lord Jesus Christ;[c] which refusal will subject him to an aggravated condemnation.[d]

[a] Revelation 22 : 17—Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely. Isaiah 55 : 1; Luke 14 : 17.

[b] Romans 16 : 26—The Gospel according to the commandment of the everlasting God, made known to all nations for the obedience of faith. Mark 1 : 15; Romans 1 : 15-17.

[c] John 5 : 40—Ye will not come unto me that ye might have life. Matthew 23 : 37; Romans 9 : 32; Proverbs 1 : 24, Acts 13 : 46.

[d] John 3 : 19—And this is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil. Matthew 11 : 20; 2 Thessalonians 1 : 8.

IX. JUSTIFICATION.

That the great Gospel blessing which Christ of his fullness[a] bestows on such as believe in Him is Justification;[b] that Justification consists in the pardon of sin,[c] and the promise of eternal life, on principles of righteousness;[d] that it is bestowed not in consideration of any works of righteousness which we have done,[e] but solely through His own redemption and righteousness;[f] that it brings us into a state of most blessed peace and favor with God, and secures every other blessing needful for time and eternity.[g]

[a] John 1 : 16—Of his fullness have we all received. Ephesians 3 : 8.

[b] Acts 13 : 39—By him all that believe are justified from all things. Isaiah 53 : 11; Romans 8 : 1.

[c] Romans 5 : 9—Being justified by his blood, we shall be saved from wrath through him. Zech. 13 : 1; Matthew 9 : 6; Acts 10 : 43.

[d] Romans 5 : 17—They which receive abundance of grace and of the gift of righteousness, shall reign in life by one, Jesus Christ. Titus 3 : 5, 6; 1 Peter 3 : 7; 1 John 2 : 25; Romans 5 : 21.

[e] Romans 4 : 4, 5—Now to him that worketh is the reward not reckoned of grace, but of debt. But to him that worketh not, but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness. Romans 5 : 21; 6 : 23; Phil. 2 : 7-9.

[f] Romans 5 : 19—By the obedience of one shall many be made righteous. Romans 3 : 24-26; 1 John 2 : 12.

[g] Romans 5 : 1, 2—Being justified by faith we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ; by whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God. Romans 5 : 3—We glory in tribulations also. Romans 5 : 11—We also joy in God. 1 Corinthians 1 : 30; Matthew 6 : 33; 1 Timothy 4 : 8.

X. THE PERSEVERANCE OF SAINTS.

That such only are real believers as endure unto the end;[a] that their persevering attachment to Christ is the grand mark which distinguishes them from superficial professors;[b] that a special Providence watches over their welfare;[c] and they are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation.[d]

[a] John 8 : 31 -Then said Jesus—If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed. 1 John 2 : 27, 28 : 3 : 9 ; 5 : 18.

[b] John 2 : 19 -They went out from us, but they were not of us ; for if they had been of us, they would no doubt have continued with us : but they went out that it might be made manifest that they were not all of us. John 13 : 18. Mat. 13 : 20, 21. John 6 : 66-69.

[c] Rom. 8 : 28 —And we know all things work together for good unto them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose. Mat. 6 : 30-33. Jer. 32 : 40. Ps. 121 : 3 ; 91 : 11, 12.

[d] Phil. 1 : 6 -He who hath begun a good work in you, will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ Phil. 2 : 12, 13. Jude 24, 25. Heb 1 : 14. 2 Kings 6 : 16. Heb. 13 : 5. 1 John 4 : 4.

XI. A GOSPEL CHURCH.

That a visible Church of Christ is a congregation of baptized believers,[a] associated by covenant in the faith and fellowship of the Gospel;[b] observing the ordinances of Christ;[c] governed by his laws;[d] and exercising the gifts, rights, and privileges invested in them by his word;[e] that its only proper officers are Bishops or Pastors, and Deacons,[f] whose qualifications, claims, and duties are defined in the epistles to Timothy and Titus.

[a] 1 Cor. 1 : 1, 13—Paul—unto the church of God which is at Corinth—Is Christ divided? Was Paul crucified for you? Or were ye baptized in the name of Paul? Mat. 18 : 17; Acts 5 : 11; 8 : 1; 11 : 23; 1 Cor. 4 : 17; 14 : 23; 3 John 9; 1 Tim 3 : 5.

[b] Acts 2 : 41, 42—Then they that gladly received his word were baptized and the same day there were added to them about three thousand souls. 2 Cor. 8 : 5—They first gave their own selves to the Lord, and then unto us by the will of God. Acts 2 : 47; 1 Cor. 5 : 12, 13.

[c] 1 Cor. 11 : 2—Now I praise you brethren that ye remember me in all things; and keep the ordinances as I delivered them unto you. 2 Thes. 3 : 6; Rom. 16 : 17–20; 1 Cor. 11 : 23; Mat. 18 : 15–20.

[d] Mat. 28 : 20—Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you. John 14 : 15; 15 : 12; 1 John 4 : 21; 1 Thess. 4 : 2; 2 John 6; Gal. 6 : 2.

[e] Ephes. 4 : 7 Unto every one of us is given grace according to the measure of the gift of Christ. 1 Cor. 14 : 12—Seek that ye may excel to the edifying of the church. Phil 1 : 27—That I may hear of your affairs, that ye stand fast in one spirit, with one mind, striving together for the faith of the Gospel. 1 Cor. 11; 1 Cor. 14.

[f] Phil. 1 : 1—With the Bishops and Deacons. Acts 14 : 23, Acts 15 : 22; 1 Tim. 3; Titus 1.

XII. BAPTISM AND THE LORD'S SUPPER.

That Christian Baptism is the immersion of a believer in water,[a] in the name of the Father, Son, and Spirit;[b] to show forth in a solemn and beautiful emblem, our faith in a crucified, buried, and risen Saviour, with its purifying power;[c] that it is pre-requisite to the privileges of a church relation; and to the Lord's Supper,[d] in which the members of the church by the use of bread and wine are to commemorate together the dying love of Christ;[e] preceded always by solemn self-examination.[f]

[a] Acts 8 : 36–39—And the eunuch said, See, here is water; what doth hinder me to be baptized. And Philip said, If thou believe

est with all thine heart thou mayest. And they went down into the water, both Philip and the eunuch, and he baptized him. Mat. 3 : 5, 6 ; John 3 : 22, 23 ; John 4 : 1, 2 ; Mat. 28 : 19 ; Mark 16 : 16 ; Acts 2 : 38 ; Acts 8 : 12 ; 16 : 32-34 ; 18 : 8.

b Mat. 28 : 19 —Baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Acts 10 : 47, 48 ; Gal. 3 : 27, 28.

c Rom. 6 : 1, 14—Therefore we are buried with him by baptism unto death ; that like as Christ was raised from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life. Col. 2 : 12 ; 1 Peter 3 : 20, 21 ; Acts 22 : 16.

d Acts 2 : 41, 43—Then they that gladly received his word were baptized, and there were added to them, the same day, about three thousand souls. And they continued steadfastly in the Apostle's doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers. Mat. 28 : 19, 20.

e 1 Cor. 11 : 26 —As often as ye eat this bread and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death till he come. Mat. 26 : 26-29 ; Mark 14 : 22-26 ; Luke 22 : 14-21.

f 1 Cor. 11 : 28—But let a man examine himself, and so let him eat of that bread and drink of that cup. 1 Cor. 5 : 7, 8 ; 10 : 3-32, 11 : 17-32.

XIII. THE CHRISTIAN SABBATH.

That the first day of the week is the Lord's day, or Christian Sabbath ; [a] and is to be kept sacred to religious purposes ; [b] by abstaining from all secular labor and recreations ; [c] by a devout observance of all the means of grace, both private [d] and public ; [e] and by preparation for that Rest which remaineth for the People of God. [f]

a Acts 20 : 7—On the first day of the week, when the disciples came together to break bread, Paul preached to them. Gen. 2 : 3 ; Col. 2 : 16, 17 ; Mark 2 ; 27 ; John 20 : 19 ; 1 Cor. 16 : 1, 2.

b Ex. 20 : 8—Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy. Rev. 1 : 10—I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day. Ps. 118 : 24—This is the day which the Lord hath made : we will rejoice and be glad in it.

c Isaiah 58 : 13, 14—If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day, and call the Sab-

bath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable; and shalt honor him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasures, nor speaking thine own words; then shalt thou delight in the Lord, and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob. Isaiah 56 : 2-8.

[d] Ps. 118 : 15—The voice of rejoicing and salvation is in the tabernacles of the righteous.

[e] Heb. 10 : 24, 25—Not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together, as the manner of some is. Acts 11 : 26—A whole year they assembled themselves with the church, and taught much people. Acts 13 : 44—The next Sabbath day came almost the whole city together to hear the word of God. Lev. 19 : 30; Ezk. 46 : 3; Luke 4 : 16; Acts 17 : 2, 3; Ps. 26 : 8; 87 : 2.

[f] Heb. 4 : 3-11—Let us labor therefore to enter into that rest.

XIV. THE RIGHTEOUS AND THE WICKED.

That there is a radical and essential difference between the righteous and the wicked;[a] that such only as through faith are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and sanctified by the Spirit of our God, are truly righteous in his esteem;[b] while all such as continue in impenitence and unbelief are in his sight wicked, and under the curse;[c] and this distinction holds among men both in and after death.[d]

[a] Mal. 3 : 18—Ye shall discern between the righteous and the wicked: between him that serveth God and him that serveth him not. Isaiah 5 : 20; Gen. 18 : 23; Jer. 15 : 19; Acts 10 : 34, 35; Rom. 6 : 16.

[b] Rom. 1 : 17—The just shall live by faith. Rom. 7 : 6—We are delivered from the law, that being dead wherein we were held, that we should serve in newness of spirit, and not in the oldness of the letter. 1 John 2 : 29—If ye know that he is righteous, ye know that every one that doeth righteousness is born of him. 1 John 3 : 7; Romans 6 : 18, 22; 1 Cor. 11 : 32; Prov. 11 : 31; 1 Peter 4 : 17, 18.

[c] 1 John 5 : 19—And we know that we are of God, and the whole world lieth in wickedness. Gal. 3 : 10—As many as are

in the works of the law are under the curse. John 3 : 36; Isaiah 57 : 21; Psalm 10 : 4; Isaiah 55 : 6, 7.

d Prov. 14 : 32—The wicked is driven away in his wickedness but the righteous hath hope in his death. See also the example of the rich man and Lazarus. Luke 16 : 25—Thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things, and Lazarus evil things: but now he is comforted, and thou art tormented. John 8 : 21-24; Prov. 10 : 24; Luke 12 : 4, 5; 9 : 25 26; John 12 : 25, 26; Eccl. 3 : 17; Mat. 7 : 13, 14.

XV. THE WORLD TO COME.

That the end of the world is approaching;[a] that at the Last Day, Christ will descend from heaven,[b] and raise the dead from the grave to final retribution;[c] that a solemn separation will then take place;[d] that the wicked will be adjudged to endless punishment, and the righteous to endless joy;[e] and that this judgment will fix forever the final state of men in heaven or hell, on principles of righteousness.[f]

a 1 Peter 4 : 7—But the end of all things is at hand, be ye therefore sober, and watch unto prayer. 1 Cor. 7 : 29-31; Heb. 1 : 10-12; Mat. 24 : 35 : 1 John 2 : 17; Mat. 28 : 20; 13 : 39; 8 : 49; 2 Peter 3 : 3-13.

b Acts 1 : 11—This same Jesus which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven. Rev. 1 : 7; Heb. 9 : 28; Acts 3 : 21; 1 Thess. 4 : 13-18; 5 : 1-11.

c Acts 24 : 15—There shall be a resurrection of the dead, both of the just and the unjust. 1 Cor. 15 : 12 59; Luke 14 : 14; Dan. 12 : 2; John 5 : 28, 29; 6 : 40; 11 : 25, 26; 2 Tim. 1 : 10; Acts 10 : 42.

d Mat 13 : 49—The angels shall come forth, and sever the wicked from among the just. Mat. 13 : 37-43; 24 : 30, 31; 25 : 27-33.

e Mat. 25 : 35-41—And these shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal. Rev. 22 : 11—He that is unjust, let him be unjust still; and he which is filthy, let him be filthy still: and he that is holy, let him be holy still. 1 Cor. 6 : 9, 10; Mark 9 : 43-48; 2 Peter 2 : 9, 10; Jude 7; Phil. 3 : 19; Romans 6 : 22; 2 Cor. 5 : 10, 11; John 4 : 36 : 2 Cor. 4 : 18.

[f] Rom. 3 : 5, 6—Is God unrighteous who taketh vengeance? (I speak as a man.) God forbid; for, then how shall God judge the world? 2 Thess. 1 : 6-12—Seeing it is a righteous thing with God to recompense tribulation to them who trouble you, and to you who are troubled rest with us—when he shall come to be glorified in his saints, and to be admired in all them that believe. Heb. 6 : 1, 2; 1 Cor. 4 . 5; Acts 17 : 31; Rom. 2 : 2-16; Rev. 20 : 11, 12; 1 John 2 : 8; 4 : 17.

Seeing then that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness, looking for and hasting unto the coming of the day of God? 2 Peter 3 : 11, 12.

XVI. CIVIL GOVERNMENT.

That civil government is of divine appointment, for the interests and good order of human society;[a] and that magistrates are to be prayed for, conscientiously honored and obeyed,[b] except in things opposed to the will of the Lord Jesus Christ,[c] who is the only Lord of the conscience, and the Prince of the kings of the earth.[d]

[a] Rom. 13 : 1-7—The powers that be are ordained of God. For rulers are not a terror to good works, but to the evil. Deut. 16 : 18; 2 Sam. 23 : 3; Ex. 18 : 22; Jer. 30 : 21.

[b] Mat. 22 : 21—Render therefore unto Cesar the things that are Cesar's, and unto God the things that are God's. Titus 3 : 1; 1 Peter 2 : 13; 1 Tim. 2 : 1-8.

[c] Acts 5 : 29—We ought to obey God rather than man. Mat. 10 : 28—Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul. Dan. 3 : 15-18; 6 : 7-10; Acts 4 : 18-20.

[d] Mat. 23 : 10—Ye have one Master even Christ. Rom. 14 : 4—Who art thou that judgest another man's servant? Rev. 19 : 16—And he hath on his vesture and on his thigh a name written, KING OF KINGS, AND LORD OF LORDS. Psalm 72 : 11; Psalm 2; Rom. 14 : 9-13

COVENANT.

As we trust we have by Divine grace been brought to embrace the Lord Jesus Christ, and by the influences of his Spirit to give ourselves up to Him; so we do now solemnly covenant with each other (as God shall enable us) to walk together in brotherly love—that we will exercise a Christian care and watchfulness over each other, and faithfully warn, rebuke, and admonish our brethren, as the case may require—that we will not forsake the assembling of ourselves together, nor omit the great duty of prayer, both for ourselves and others—that we will participate in each other's joys, and endeavor with tenderness and sympathy to bear each other's burdens and sorrows—that we will seek Divine aid to enable us to walk circumspectly and watchfully in the world, denying ungodliness and every worldly lust—that we will strive together for the support of a faithful and evangelical ministry among us, and to spread the gospel abroad—that we will, through life, amidst evil report and good report, seek to live to the glory of Him who hath called us out of darkness into his marvellous light.

THE END.

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